Saturday Review

JUNE 15, 1957 / 25¢

Barbara Ward, author of "The Interplay of East and West." *(See page 16)*

WHO REALLY WON AT GETTYSBURG?
By Bruce Catton

"ORFEO," "ORPHÉE," or "ORPHEUS"? *By Irving Kolodin*

BOOKS FOR HOLIDAY READING: SR's *Summer Survey*

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10 personalities who evoke the dazzle, wickedness, and éclat of France's Second Empire.

Gaslight and Shadow

By Roger L. Williams

The glittering, gaslit world of Napoleon III comes vividly to life in this choice collection of profiles by Roger Williams. His gallery sparkles with such proud characters as the bad and beautiful Countess de Castiglione, Louis Pasteur, Courbet, Ste. Beuve and Offenbach, whose lives mirror the turbulent joie de vivre of a brilliant French epoch. $5.50

American Nationalism

An Interpretative Essay

By Hans Kohn

author of The Idea of Nationalism, Prophets and Peoples, and The Twentieth Century

Now, Hans Kohn, outstanding authority on nationalism, focuses on the United States and the ideological origins and development of the American nation. Comparing American nationalism with that of Western Europe, he cites the English foundations of American political philosophy and continues his thesis with a searching analysis of the national aspirations of the American people, and the importance of national security today. $5.00

At last—
the true, **stranger-than-legend** story of O. Henry!

Alias O. Henry

A Biography of William Sidney Porter

By Gerald Langford

Here is the first, complete, full-length critical biography of William Sidney Porter, alias O. Henry, unveiling the famous writer's complex life and secret personality.

Using a wealth of unpublished material, the author explores new facets of Porter's trial for embezzlement, his interlude in Honduras as a fugitive, his two marriages and his alcoholism. As O. Henry said just before his death, "Fiction is tame compared with the romance of my own life." $5.00

Compassion and artistry...

The Strangers Were There

By John Bell Clayton

author of Six Angels at My Back

This posthumous selection of related short stories reflects Clayton's profound concern for people—for their dignity, and their right to love and be loved. These stories, set in and around a small Virginia town, depict a wide variety of people—the affluent and the derelict, criminals and evangelists, children and old men—with compassion, humor and artistry. $3.75

A striking new talent erupts with

Subi: The Volcano

By Burt Cole

A young man named Burt Cole has written a jolting, serious novel about men and war and love and moral responsibility. The setting is an unnamed oriental port where a small American Army base is surrounded by tens of thousands of sullen, starving natives. As their position becomes more and more desperate, the beleaguered men and women behind the barbed-wire barrier reveal themselves in nakedly telling ways, acting out their personal dramas in the face of imminent annihilation. Forceful and moving. $3.75

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DRONE, CLACK, HISS

"Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A." is a record (in more than one sense) of a tour made last year by the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Dave himself tells us how it evolved: "A music notebook is as important to the traveling musician as a sketch pad is to the artist. When lulled by the sounds of travel, the drone of the plane, the clack of the wheels, or even the hiss of the radiator in a strange hotel room, themes spring suddenly into consciousness. If a sketchbook is handy, the elusive idea is captured to be developed, arranged or changed. 'Jazz Impressions' is a group of compositions created in just such a manner, from notebook scribblings made while on tour." Improvising on these sketches, the Quartet conveys, in jazz terms, its impressions of Broadway, Chicago, New Orleans, various portions of the wide open spaces and, finally, "home"—which in Mr. Brubeck's case is Oakland, California.

JAZZ IMPRESSIONS OF THE U.S.A.
Paul Desmond, alto sax; Dave Brubeck, piano; Norman Bates, bass; Joe Morello, drums.
CL 984

(specially priced for a limited time only)

ALL YOUR RECORDS SOUND BEST ON A COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH

A BALL, THAT'S ALL

On the top floor of our building on upper Times Square, a handsome old gentleman sat listening to some tapes by Louis Armstrong, tears streaming from his sightless eyes. "I never thought I'd hear my blues like this," W. C. Handy said again and again. "Truly wonderful! Truly wonderful! Nobody but my boy Louis could have done it." Armstrong sat at his side doing quite a job of looking proud and modest at the same time. He kept saying what fun the sessions had been. "Ain't no work, making records like this! Them old-time good ones play themselves. We was just having a ball, that's all." Truth is, Louis has a ball every time he picks up that horn of his, and so does anyone within earshot. As supporting evidence we offer these recent releases.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG PLAYS W. C. HANDY
CL 591

SATCH PLAYS FATS
CL 708

AMBASSADOR SATCH
CL 840

(all specially priced for a limited time only)

NEWPORT GOES ON RECORD

The American Jazz Festival at Newport, Rhode Island, owes its existence to a young couple, Louis and Elaine Lorillard, who decided a few years ago that what Tanglewood had become to longhair music in the summertime, Newport could become to jazz. In three short years the Festival has become the annual affair in jazz; jazz has moved into the Social Register (where else can you see a dowager chatting happily with Eddie Condon or J. J. Johnson); and Newport's salt air has resounded to performances by all but a few of the major jazzmen. Moments of inspiration have been frequent, and some, like Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" (on CL 934) have already become legends. This series, taken from the 1956 Festival, is the first and only recorded documentary to be released from this internationally famous event.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG and EDDIE CONDON at NEWPORT

DAVE BRUBECK and JAY & KAI at NEWPORT
CL 932

DUKE ELLINGTON and his BUCK CLAYTON ALL-STARS at NEWPORT
CL 933

ELLINGTON at NEWPORT
CL 934

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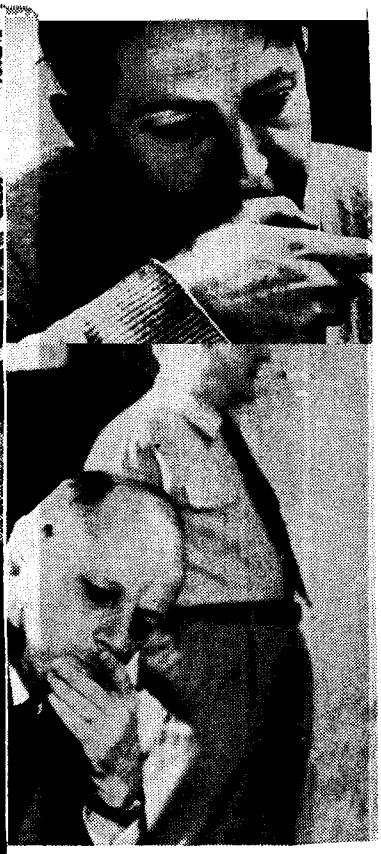

CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS

In a recent general record catalog which lists some twenty-three different recordings of Beethoven's "Fifth" it is disturbing to discover how few contemporary American compositions are available in even a single version. Columbia's Modern American Composers Series was inaugurated a few years ago in an attempt to set things right. We were warned at the time that this was definitely thin-ice department for a record company. Since then we have been pleased (and frankly amazed) at the wholehearted acceptance of this project. Two composers whose music has been especially popular are Leon Kirchner (above) and William Schuman (below). This latest release in the series, containing new works by both, could very easily add you to the ranks of modern music enthusiasts.

WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Credendum (Article of Faith)—The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Cond.
LEON KIRCHNER: Piano Concerto—the composer as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Cond.
ML 5185 ($3.98)

THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

A Division of CBS ® "Columbia" ℗ ® Marcas Reg.
Prices are suggested list
Available in Canada at slightly higher prices

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How 280,000 people at General Electric benefit from its progress

More than 200,000 new jobs have been created since 1939; pay and benefits are up far in excess of the cost of living

In the last two decades employment at General Electric has been increasing at a rate six times as fast as in the nation as a whole, and the company is now providing jobs for over 280,000 men and women.

These are good jobs, and they are getting better. In 1939, the average General Electric employee earned $2,026 a year including the value of benefit programs. Today he earns well over 2½ times as much, and that includes a broad package of pension, insurance, vacation, holiday, and other benefits that give him better economic security and personal satisfaction.

Jobs from serving customers

One significant force behind this progress for employees is the desire of everyone at General Electric to attract and serve customers.

This means, for example, a continuing investment in research and development to assure a constant stream of new and improved products. In this area, General Electric is spending more than three times as much, per sales dollar, as the average manufacturing company.

In this process, many new jobs have been created. We estimate that over one-third of the men and women at General Electric work on products the company did not make in 1939. And thousands more jobs were created as existing products were continually improved — improvements that attracted new customers and made electricity still more useful in American homes, farms, and industries.

Jobs through planning ahead

Progress for employees is spurred, too, when General Electric takes the risks necessary to expand and modernize productive facilities.

The willingness of 376,000 share owners to continue modernization and expansion programs means that General Electric is investing more than $500 million in the period 1956 through 1958 — an investment to serve customers better that can, in turn, create even more employment opportunities and greater job security.

On these pages are some of the ways General Electric is trying not only to improve the jobs of all the men and women of the company, but also to offer more of the personal satisfactions that mean a better life for them and their families.

• • •

This advertisement is another in a series reporting how General Electric's progress affects many people — customers, for example, or share owners, employees, suppliers, dealers, and nearly every citizen. For information of General Electric's activities in the interests of all these people, write for our latest Annual Report: Department 2-113E, Schenectady, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

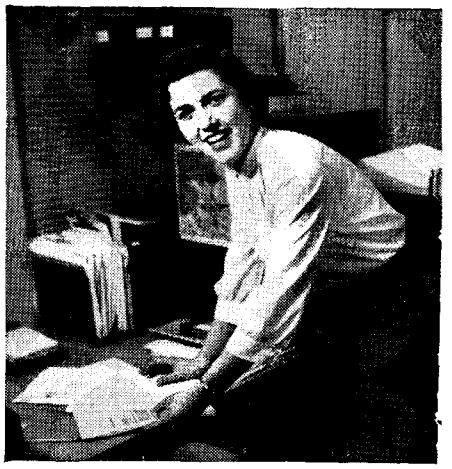
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Harry Bowers, toolmaker at Schenectady, uses skills developed by in-plant training.

Opportunities for self-development. People at General Electric are encouraged to develop themselves to their maximum ability. For example, the company con-

William Thomas, Bloomfield, N. J., has a good start toward family financial security

Aid toward family protection. Under General Electric's insurance plan, employees also can have life insurance and income protection in case of sickness or accident



Jeanette Wenzel at Evendale, O., is acquiring shares in the company she works for

Employee share ownership. The General Electric Savings and Stock Bonus Plan offers employees the opportunity to become share owners. 150,000 are participating

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Lowell Lepisto at Ft. Wayne, Ind., gets more professional training in engineering.

ducts over 1,000 courses in factory skills, 500 courses for technical and professional personnel, and spends about $40 million each year to train or to retrain employees.

Jennie Barlow has a better work area, more light since modernization at Everett, Mass.

Clean, safe place to work. General Electric is constantly engaged in studies and investment to make working conditions in plants cleaner, safer — and more efficient.

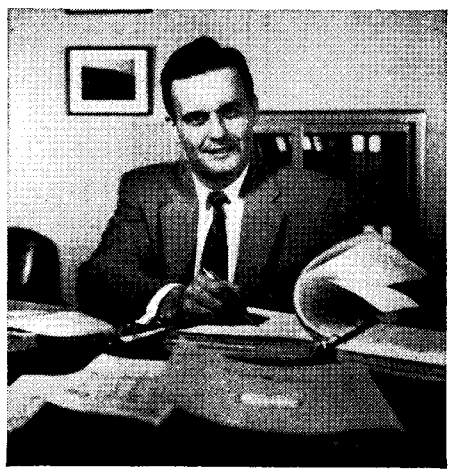
David Goldstein, Lynn, Mass.: G-E group insurance paid $8,000 of his medical bills.

Assistance in meeting medical expenses. By paying part of the cost, General Electric offers employees and their families an inexpensive medical insurance plan.

Bruce Glenn and his wife welcome his $1,570 suggestion award at Richland, Wash.

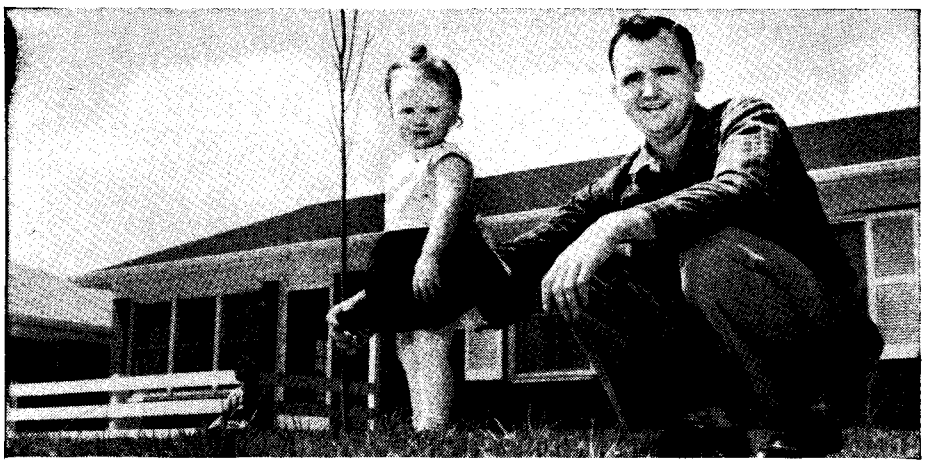
Reward for good ideas. Over $7 million has been paid to General Electric men and women for constructive ideas since our Suggestion Plan was formalized in 1922.

Thomas Marshall, sales engineer at Baltimore, represents G.E. to electric utilities.



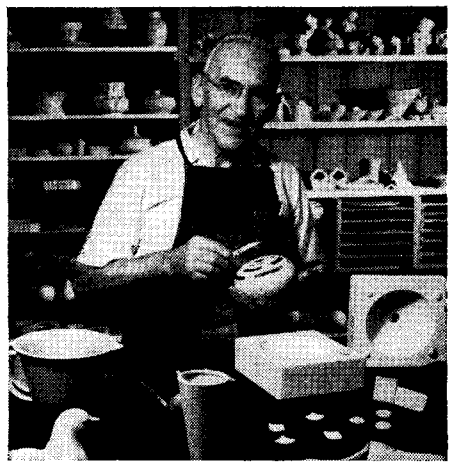
James Creamer is now manager of finance for an $11 million operation at Syracuse.

Positions of responsibility. For those employees who want and can handle increased responsibilities, General Electric offers opportunities in a wide variety of fields. In an average year, more than 25,000 men and women take advantage of company-conducted courses that are designed to help prepare employees for more responsible jobs.



Milton Hall, maintenance man at Appliance Park, Louisville, recently bought a home. His wife's new kitchen includes many electrical appliances made where he works.

Higher real pay. Compensation at General Electric is interpreted broadly to include not only monetary returns, but also the value of benefit programs. Since 1939, the rise in average annual earnings (wages and benefits) of the people at General Electric is far in excess of the rise in the cost of living. Average earnings set a new record in 1956.



Stanley Sullivan, Erie, Pa., is retired and has more time for his hobby, ceramics.

Help toward retirement security. General Electric's pension plan, to which both employees and the company contribute, was substantially improved again in 1955.

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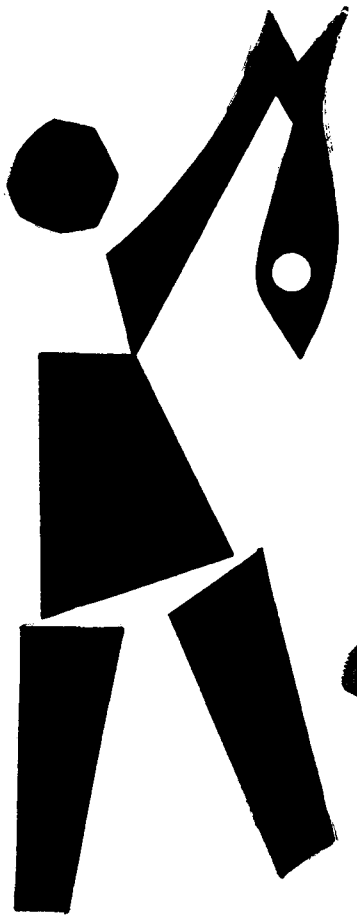

Forever chasing rainbows? Trout fishermen and other wayfaring weekenders find the Olivetti Lettera 22 light enough to take along, sturdy enough to rough it. Yet it has all important features of standard models. See and try it at your Olivetti dealer. $88 plus tax, with case.

olivetti

The Olivetti Studio 44 is perfect for the mostly-at-home typist. Easily portable, it has the feel and features of a standard, with special advantages all its own. $115 plus tax, with case. For names of dealers near you, write Olivetti Portable Division, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

JUNE 15, 1957

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Who ordered the world's 3 great whiskies?

Look at our picture. You can tell quite a lot about the man who gave this order.

First, he is a man who knows his own mind. Note how he has made a beeline for the Lord Calvert. Very significant.

Second, he is a thoughtful host. He is about to offer his friends their *choice* of the world's three great whiskies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the greatest of all *American* whiskies—our own Lord Calvert.

Why not offer this same lordly choice tonight? The gesture will not go unnoticed.

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The man who reads dictionaries

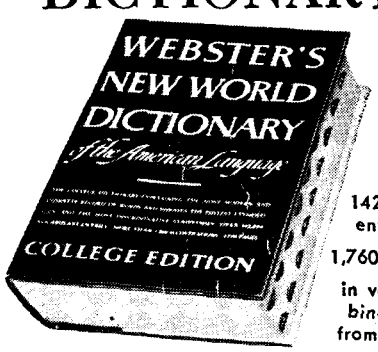
© Philippe Halsman Photo

JAMES THURBER, one of America's great stylists, whose most recent book is *The Wonderful O*, says:

"I SEEM to have collected dictionaries, from Cassell's Latin to the thirteen volumes of the O.E.D., but none has a more special value than *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition. It is an important contribution to the American language. I keep trying to catch mistakes or omissions in its coverage of our slang, and almost invariably fail. The other day I looked for a certain definition of 'bug.' It was there, concise and correct, 'a defect, as in a machine.'"

The name Webster *alone* on a dictionary is not enough to guarantee excellence of this kind. Visit your bookseller and ask to see —

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

TRADE Winds

IN A FEW WEEKS James Dugan and his wife, Ruth, will leave on a four-month round-the-world cruise on the Isbrandtsen Company's *Flying Enterprise II*, captained by Kurt Carlsen, the fellow who wouldn't desert his sinking ship a couple of years ago. Dugan is doing a book about Hans Isbrandtsen, founder of the company, who died of a heart attack on Wake Island in 1953.

He was a colorful, volatile, independent, rough-and-tumble character who couldn't be written about when alive because of his tough personality. It was tried. The *American* Magazine ran a three-parter on this unusual man. That is, they ran one part. In the meantime he had seen the proofs and blown sky-high; they never did print the other two. *Time* Magazine decided to do Isbrandtsen the favor of a cover story once. He gave his assent to this one, too. But one day he came to work and found a bunch of strange girls in flat heels going through the files, interviewing employes, taking voluminous notes. He asked what it meant, and was told that it was a platoon of *Time* researchers gathering facts. He blew his top again and that was as far as *Time* ever got.

He was so angry at this that he contacted *The New York Times* and ordered one of his famous, personal, full-page advertisements. Instead of attacking his favorite target, the State Department, this time he went after Henry Luce and his publications. Of course, the *Times* decided against running it. Hans really hit the ceiling. He bought a full-page in the *Herald Tribune* in which he denounced both Luce and Sulzberger! That was turned down by the *Trib*. By this time Isbrandtsen was so mad that the anecdote doesn't even attempt to go on from there.

Dugan is a landlubber who somehow got started on books above and below the water. His first was "The Silent World," written by Cousteau but actually put down in English by the Dugans.

Jimmy's first book of his own was "The Great Iron Ship" and his second, out last year, is "Man Under the Sea." In a few months Harper's will publish his "Young People's Life of Cousteau." Dugan has spent a lot of time on Cousteau's ship, *Calypso*, and is American representative for the Cousteau enterprises, which are centered in Monaco at the Oceanographic Museum. When at home the Dugans live in an attractive apartment in New York.

AUTHORS AIR THEIR ANGUISH, cried the headline in *Variety*, covering the first National Assembly of Authors and Dramatists, sponsored by the Authors League of America. This was for three days during the early part of May in New York. In the forty-five years of the League, it was the first time the paid-up members had been invited to get together. After all that time, it was no surprise to hear producers, agents, editors, and others tagged as villains. "Property rights are the biggest problem of the writer," was one conclusion drawn, making a slight detour around the problem of how to write in the first place. "We're looking into the beating an author takes . . ." said a spokesman.

Close to 500 members of the League came from all over the country to hear talks and advice by such eminents as Hammerstein, Stout, Shirer, John Mason Brown, Catton, Moss Hart, and many others. For three days they attended panels on such subjects as "Writers and Agents," "Emotional Problems of Writers," "Children's Books," "Book Markets and Contracts," "The Changing Market," "The Threat of Invasion of Authors' Rights," and others. On these panels, discussing the topics, were names like Lillian Hellman, John Tunis, Kermit Bloomgarden, Theodore White, etc. To hear these professionals discussing their trade was a stimulating experience. Here's the kind of thing you were apt to run into:

- Michael Drury causing a stir by saying that it is undesirable for an article writer to have an agent.
- Rex Stout declaring that most book contracts are unfair, and an indignant writer from the floor requesting a list of "outrageous publishers."
- The theatrical producers producing their own whipping boys, rapping Actors Equity, the New York License Commissioner, and the SEC.
- Elizabeth Janeway quoting and apparently agreeing with Maugham: "In the twentieth century every writer needs another job . . ."
- The panel on "Children's Books" concluding that juvenile writers "should organize."
- The panel on "Theatre Audiences" declaring that the audience is not a satisfactory critic, and the panel audience disagreeing with them.
- Sid Perelman referring to himself,

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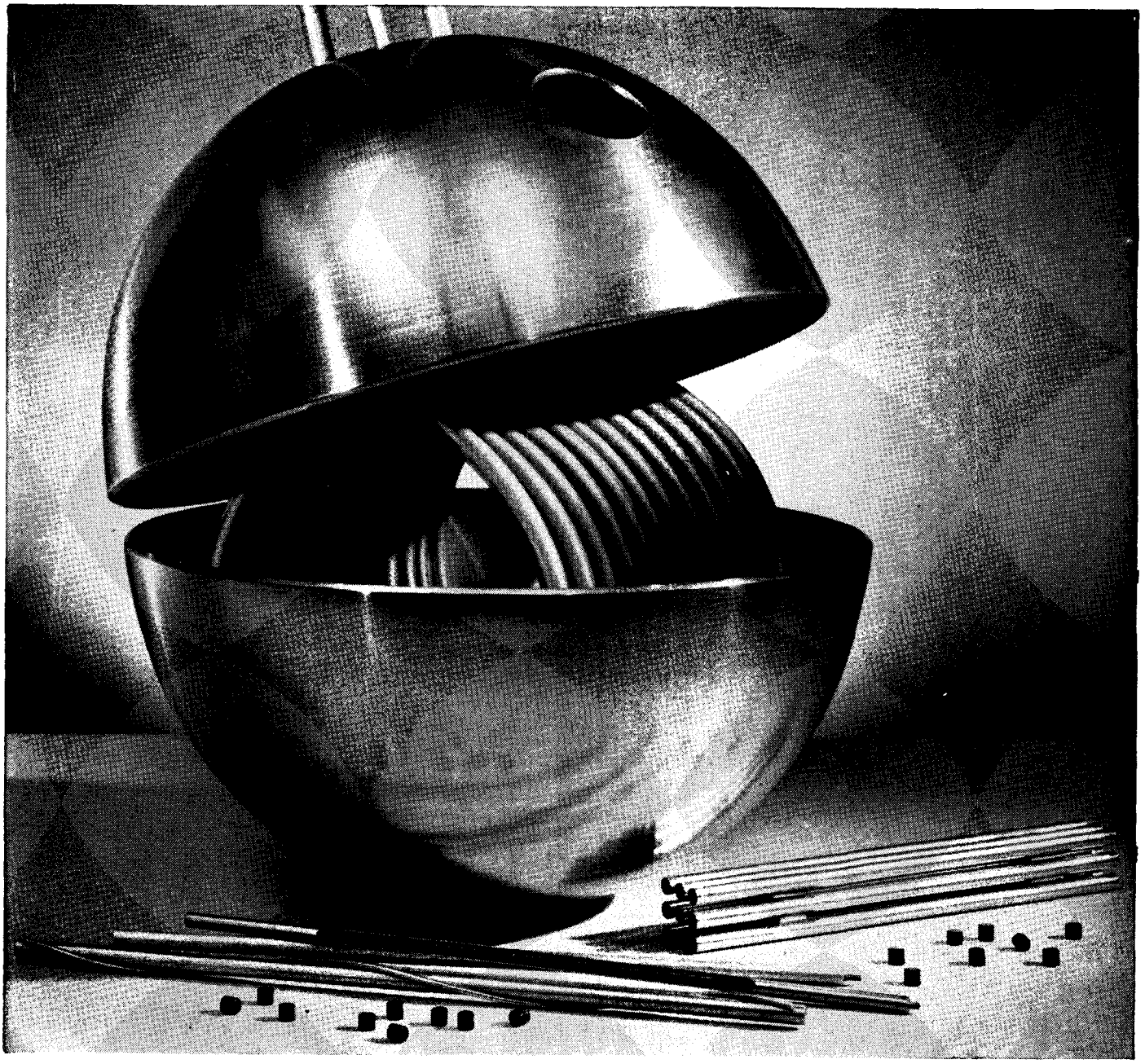

The sphere above is a "core" for one kind of research atomic reactor. The metal tubes in the foreground and at the right show various test designs for holding the small uranium fuel pellets in other kinds of atomic reactors.

Strange new "tools" of atomic-electric power

These are some of the strange new "tools" used to produce, test, or experiment with atomic-electric power. They are among the things that will help bring electricity from the atom.

"Tools" like these are being used in developing several atomic-electric plants now under way. A number of electric light and power companies from many parts of the country are working with each other and with equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission to develop the plants.

For more than 75 years, America's independent electric light and power companies have produced more electricity than any other nation in the world. And they have helped develop ways to produce it more efficiently year after year. That's why you can expect electric companies to continue to do their part to advance the new science of producing electricity from the atom.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

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the more you like
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some wonderful
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and adventurers in
the South Pacific

Rascals in Paradise

By **JAMES A. MICHENER**
and **A. GROVE DAY**

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HELP YOUR HUSBAND STAY ALIVE!

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"A remarkable book."
—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Jesting Apostle

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF
BERNARD SHAW
By STEPHEN WINSTEN

Uninhibited, intimate biography by a close friend, with much hitherto unpublished material.
Illustrated $5.00

DUTTON

when writing, as "fashioning verbal zircons."

All in all, this "writers' convention" was an exciting affair, and the letters pouring into the League office seem to reflect it. Everyone is hoping that this first Assembly won't be the last.

ACCORDING TO *PUNCH*, a brewery out West was struck by lightning the other day and to everyone's surprise the beer, instead of being spoiled, was noticeably improved in quality. This is said to be the only known case of a storm actually brewing.

HOW DO BASEBALL PLAYERS really talk? I am making a study of it, to find out if they are really as amusing, dumb, informative, grouchy, or friendly as we read they are. The other day Mantle was thrown out of a game, and the umpire later explained that he had used "profane language." That is not hard to understand. But when Martin was thrown out four innings later it was for this reason: "He used bad language." That means Billy probably said, "I ain't out." Or, "It's me."

Last year during the World Series I liked Enos Slaughter's excuse for misjudging the Jackie Robinson hit that won the sixth game for the Dodgers. According to the papers, Yankee and Dodger players "unanimously agreed" that the ball "took off as it got near Slaughter" out in left field. Campanella stated it this way: "It just kept going up and up . . ."

Slaughter said the hit fooled him; instead of dropping in front of him it went over his head. Shades of Alibi Ike. Lardner's character once explained that the "air currents fooled" him when he was chasing a fly. And today the ballplayers are still talking about baseballs defying the laws of physics by "suddenly taking off."

During the winter there was another opportunity to listen to ballplayer lingo. Mrs. Don Larsen, wife of the Yankee pitcher, took him to court charging that he had left her and had stated, "I'm not ready to settle down. I prefer to live a free and easy existence."

I have tried numerous times to repeat this line the way young Don might have said it. I can hear him saying any number of things that husbands say to wives when they get sore, but not, "I prefer to live a free and easy existence," any more than I can see him packing a suitcase the way they do it in the movies. Larsen the sports-car enthusiast, the beer drinker, the guy who prefers to live a free and easy existence—him saying it? Naw.

It would have been much more im-

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pressive in court if Mrs. Larsen had testified, "Your Honor, Don was like a baseball—he suddenly took off."

JACQUES BARZUN FIRES AWAY at the book publishing business in a recent (May 13) issue of *The New Leader*. Here's what he says about the bookstore:

> Actually, it is a bottleneck, a plugged-up medicine dropper. The census reports some 2,900 bookstores, defined as stores doing more than half of their business in books. Greeting cards, novelties, records, knitting wool fill up the other half, so that publishers count only 800 to 1,000 as "effective bookstores." The trade consoles itself with the axiom that the United States is "not a reading country." If hamburgers were as inaccessible as books, the United States would have to be put down as "not an eating country."

ON THE OTHER HAND, here's what comes to Samuel McCoy's mind when he thinks of book publishers:

There are three names, three lovely names
That ring within my heart;
Three names like three melodious bells
Tuned with angelic art;
And one is tragic, one is sad,
The third, like a sword, is fierce.
The three together make me glad—
Duell,
and Sloan,
and Pearce!

O, long indeed may poet seek
To find the perfect phrase!
Long may the cruel crush the meek,
Or ever the meek arise.
But never shall the duellist find
A thrust in *quarte* or *tierce*
So swift, so dire as these combined:
Duell,
Sloan
and
Pearce!

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1211)

TRUMAN CAPOTE:
(THE) MUSES ARE HEARD

Leningrad's Palace of Culture . . . a pile of muddy-orange concrete, . . . is not unlike one of those decaying examples of supermarket architecture along Hollywood and Vine. Several things about the interior suggest a skating rink. Its temperature, for one.

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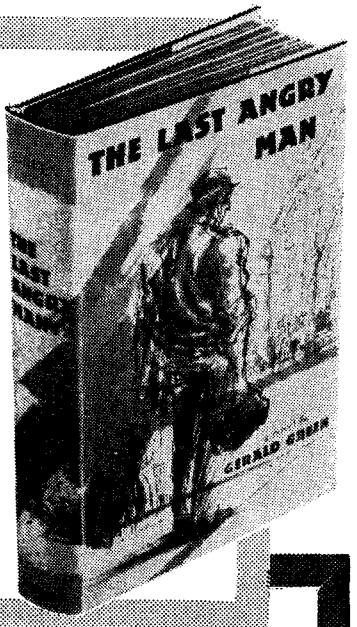
"One of the most vital characters in modern fiction."
— ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

THE LAST ANGRY MAN
by Gerald Green



"You are lifted and swept along as you read." —EDWARD WEEKS, *The Atlantic*
"Rapidly moving and exceedingly interesting . . . a tremendous novel."
—DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN, *Chicago Sun-Times* $4.50

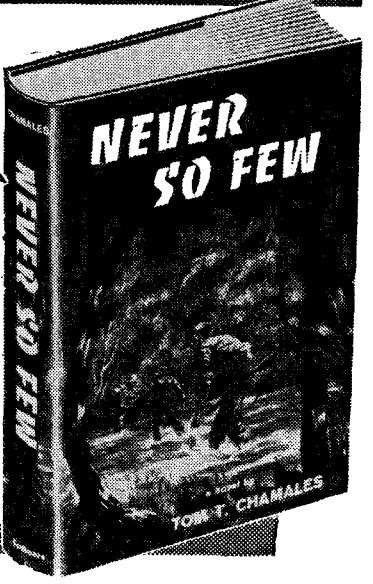
"Consistently funny and beguiling." — ALICE S. MORRIS, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

HEAVEN AND HARDPAN FARM
by Nancy Hale

"It is an attractive life that is pictured at this tiny sanitarium . . . where the seasons beautifully leave their mark in Miss Hale's peeled-down prose."
— LESLIE HANSCOM, *N. Y. World Telegram & Sun* $3.75

"One whale of a storyteller about war."
— ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

NEVER SO FEW
by Tom T. Chamales



"An exotic and absorbing experience . . . An extraordinary first novel of the Burma guerillas."—MAXWELL GEISMAR, *Saturday Review* $4.50

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"Adams' historical and literary works are submitted to a thorough critical scrutiny, illuminated by lively and sage comment; the development of Adams' sensibilities, ideas, and creative capacities is traced in clarifying detail; and the whole is related to the career and character of Adams the man . . . an exciting intellectual adventure." — *Marvin Lowenthal, N. Y. Herald Tribune* $6.00

Wizard's Country
Daphne Rooke

The story of Benge, leader of men, caught in a body too small for his heart. "In all this brooding and vanished world Miss Rooke never sets a foot wrong. Her mastery of Zulu tribal customs is matched by the sustained poetry of her language." — *John Barkham, N. Y. Times* $3.75

Mrs. Gladstone: A Portrait of a Marriage
Georgina Battiscombe

"In Mrs. Battiscombe's absorbing, complete and affectionately drawn portrait we have a full account for the first time of the woman who made Gladstone happy. This is an entirely satisfactory biography which will be read with delight by all who are interested in human nature."
— *The Times Literary Supplement* $5.00

The Craft of Letters in England
John Lehmann

"The best guide to the condition of the literary arts in England as they are being practised today."
— *The Listener* $5.00

Thinking by Machine
Pierre de Latil

"M. de Latil has not only written a very readable and entertaining introduction to the most distinctive science of our times, but has made some useful suggestions about the fundamental problem to which it points." — *The Times Literary Supplement* $5.50

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"The kind of rich, full, satisfying novel most readers have in mind when they talk of 'a book to enjoy.' . . . an intricate, intriguing plot . . . he has brought to bear his grasp of the thrust-and-parry of big business, his understanding of the weaknesses of human nature, and his appreciation of the basic virtues and verities of life . . . This is a tale in which you can lose yourself."
— *John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate* $4.00 Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for July

Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

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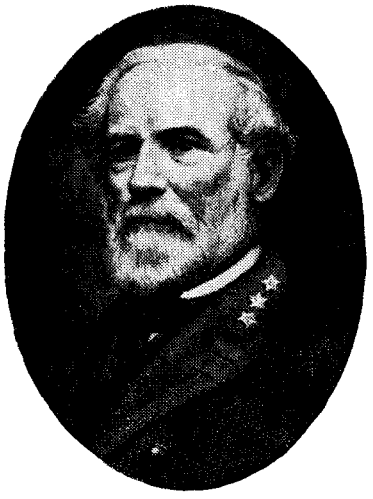
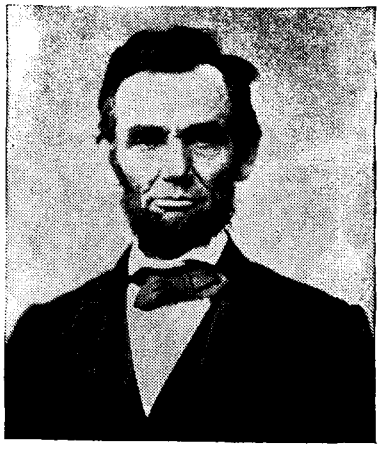
The Saturday Review
JUNE 15, 1957

WHO REALLY WON AT GETTYSBURG?

By BRUCE CATTON



Robert E. Lee.



Abraham Lincoln.

Both Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln are revered as American heroes, although they tried for four years to destroy each other. For the former, neither the logic of geography nor the moral appeal of Negro emancipation outweighed his loyalty to the state of Virginia. For the latter, the grand mystical vision of a free man's Republic stretching from ocean to ocean transcended every other issue. The two ideals—one parochial, the other continental—clashed in the great battle at Gettysburg, which symbolizes, if it did not decide, the direction of the American dream.

TWO SOLDIERS of distinguished reputation have publicly testified that Generals Robert E. Lee and George Gordon Meade should have been sacked for their respective performances at Gettysburg. Since the battle took place very nearly a century ago, and since everyone involved is safely under the sod by this time, probably the whole fuss should be allowed to rest. It only remains to be said, however, that neither President Dwight D. Eisenhower nor Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery seems quite to understand what Gettysburg was all about.

For Gettysburg was more than just a battle. It was both an act of faith and an act of fate. It was, and is, preeminently the great American symbol, and it is not to be touched lightly. It has overtones.

Even minus the overtones, it was a pretty grim affair. Approximately 150,000 young Americans fought here for three days, and at the end of the third day substantially more than 40,000 of them had become casualties. Since every weapon that was used at Gettysburg (with a very few unimportant exceptions) was a muzzle-loader which could be fired, re-loaded, and then fired again only after a fairly substantial lapse of time, and since a great many thousands of the young men concerned did not even know how to accomplish this primitive feat, this horrifying casualty list indicates that a good deal of determination and primeval savagery were involved. At Gettysburg they played for keeps.

So we have made a national shrine out of Gettysburg, and the field there is presently encumbered by scores and scores of monuments—everything from the rather pretentious "eternal flame" on Oak Hill down to crudely-chipped stone markers stating the position, and losses, of individual regiments, like the 35th North Carolina and the 16th Maine. Here American manhood proved itself, and if any lasting values can be drawn from meditation on that fact some hundreds of thousands of American citizens visit the area every year to think about it.

Beyond all of this, however, there

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is the fact that Gettysburg is overloaded with intangibles. It may well be, as it is often argued, that this was the great turning point of America's greatest war—although Vicksburg might have something to say about that—and it is quite true that a survey of the field led Abraham Lincoln to put into words the noblest statement yet made of what Americans really hope that they are up to. But Gettysburg has grown with the years, and to reduce it all to terms of who made the worst mistakes there is to miss the real point of it.

MISTAKES were made, beyond question, and both Lee and Meade made their share of them. Yet one of the curious things about Gettysburg is the fact that for two generations people have argued about who lost it, without stopping to realize that in plain fact somebody won it. Far beyond anything the generals could do, Gettysburg finally was in the hands of the private soldiers. Both North and South, these young men did what was asked of them. As Lincoln remarked, they reached here the last full measure of devotion, and the reaching of it was not easy. In the end Gettysburg was a victory rather than a defeat, and the victory was won by a good many thousands of sweaty young men in blue uniforms who dug their toes in on various rocky heights and vowed that they would not be driven away. They won, and their brethren from the South lost, and somehow after ninety-odd years it appears that the real victor was the nation as a whole, North and South together. The human spirit itself, the dreams it has dreamed and the hard thoughtless courage which it relies upon—these, at last, were the victors, and both sections are the gainers. In a queer way this battle was an act of faith, and the faith has perhaps been justified by its fruits.

But there was also something fated about Gettysburg. Of no other event in American history is one so much tempted to say: it had to go this way, it was in the stars, nothing could have changed it. You keep tripping over historical accidents. Change any one of them and you change the outcome; add all of them together and you get what you see. Were they accidents, or were things bound to happen that way? It is this sort of thing, of course, that leaves an inviting way open for all of the critics, from armchair theorists on up to commanding officers of the Second World War.

Begin at the beginning. Lee concludes that he must invade Pennsylvania and he takes his army north, specifying that Jeb Stuart, once the troops are north of the Potomac, must keep his cavalry screen in close contact on the army's front and on its right. This is routine: the Yankees must be kept in the dark, but the invading army must also be kept informed about the Federal Army's movements and probable intentions. Stuart is very good at this sort of thing. Until he sends word, Lee will know that his movement north and then east will not be interrupted.

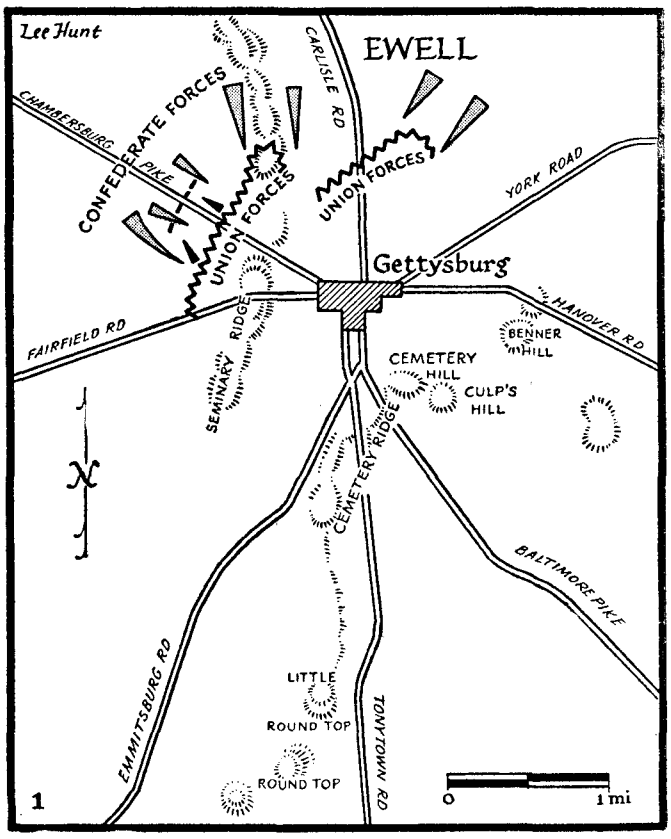
BUT he gives Stuart an order vaguely worded. Stuart (somewhat vain, and smarting because Yankee cavalry has recently jumped him at Brandy Station) wants to perform a minor feat of arms: he will ride across the Federal rear, rejoining Lee's army as soon as he crosses the Potomac. Lee, in effect, tells him that he can do it if he thinks he can get away with it, and confident Stuart does think so. He cuts across the Federal rear and is unable to get back. As a result, Lee enters Pennsylvania without his eyes. But Lee does not know that Stuart is cut off. He can only conclude, in the absence of word from him, that the Army of the Potomac has not yet crossed the Potomac to bring the Army of Northern Virginia to battle. When he learns, suddenly, on June 28 (he himself at Chambersburg, his advance guard almost on the edge of Harrisburg) that the opposing army, now under Meade, is gathered near Frederick, Maryland, looking for trouble, he is compelled to concentrate immediately, and the handiest concentration point is Gettysburg, where all the roads meet. Going there in a hurry, his army collides with Meade's

GETTYSBURG—DESTINY IN THREE DAYS

1. JULY 1: In the summer of 1863 Lee invaded Pennsylvania. The commander of his leading corps, Ewell, got as far as Carlisle, but on June 29, when they learned of a large Federal army moving out, he was ordered to march south again for a concentration at Gettysburg with the other two Confederate corps. Lee had to leave all the details to Ewell, who at this point turned cranky and overcautious. On July 1 Ewell's men ran onto the outskirts of a Federal force. After some hot fighting they pushed them off Seminary Ridge and back through the town to the eminences beyond. But Ewell failed to take the all-important Cemetery Hill while the enemy was thus on the run.

2. JULY 2: In the night the Federal Army moved up, entrenching itself in the famous "fishhook" that runs from Culp's Hill in the north to Round Top in the south. As Lee's supplies were in no shape for a waiting game, he planned to attack both Union flanks simultaneously, overruling the suggestions of his principal subordinate, Longstreet, who had designed a defensive strategy for the Confederacy. Although scholars have ascertained that the Round Tops were not undefended on the morning of the 2nd, as Longstreet's critics long charged, it remains that this general's sulk, which delayed his attack until late afternoon, did wreck whatever chances he ever had had in his sector. Ewell's operations on the left were equally ineffective.

3. JULY 3: For this day Lee personally ordered a frontal attack on Cemetery Ridge, center of the Union position. He also appointed Longstreet to command the assault, although this general was entirely opposed to it, was "depressed" on the field, and was preoccupied by his own plan, the "right hook" around the Round Tops at the Union's left flank. When it came the attack itself was poorly organized and without proper artillery support. A few Confederates bulled their way to the top of the ridge, but they could hold only for seconds before falling or retreating. The next day the great Army of Northern Virginia began its withdrawal.



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advance echelon, and the battle of Gettysburg begins without being willed by anyone.

The first day goes beautifully, as far as Lee is concerned, with the Federals driven off of the fields and ridges north and west of the little town and forced to dig in on Cemetery Hill and the high ground immediately around it. Only a part of the Federal army is on hand, and that part has been very roughly handled. One hard smash, and it can be driven away from the Cemetery Hill complex—in which case the invasion will have begun with a stunning, probably decisive victory. Lee instructs his corps commander, Richard Ewell, to make that smash if he thinks it practicable.

Vagueness, again. Ewell is used to Stonewall Jackson (six weeks in his grave, now, as a result of Chancellorsville) and the "if practicable" business confuses him. Jackson never gave orders like that. Ewell pauses, reflects, figures, fidgets, and at last makes no attack. By next morning the Yankees are in force and it is too late. One more accident.

NOW comes another. Lee determines to smite both ends of the Yankee line at once—the right, on Culp's Hill, and the left, in front of the Round Tops, with Ewell hitting the right and James Longstreet hitting the left. Longstreet objects bitterly, urging instead a swing far around the Federal left—back of the Round Tops, or even farther down. With Stuart still absent, Lee cannot consent, simply because he has no way to know that half of Meade's army may not be waiting for him if he tries it. He insists on going through with his own plan. Longstreet sulks and delays (giving Meade more precious time to concentrate) and when the fight takes place the attacks on the two wings are not co-ordinated. Failure again, with victory still to be won on the third day.

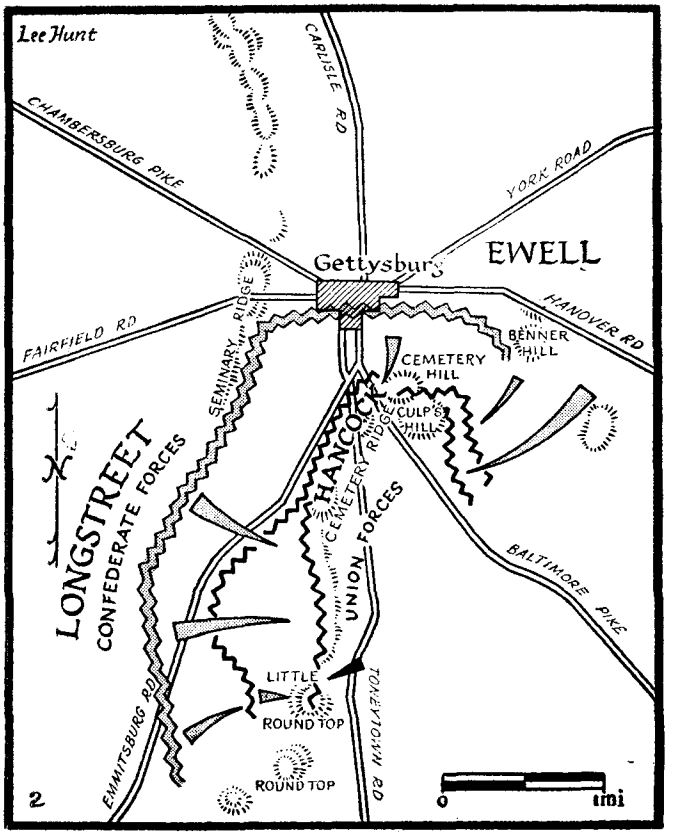
All of this sets the stage for July 3, the climactic day. Lee has hit both flanks and has failed; now he will hit the center, and Pickett's charge is the result. Again Longstreet urges a move by the flank (he would have agreed, beyond question, with Ike and Monty) and again he is over-ruled. The attack is made, and it has no chance of success. Go along with Field Marshal Montgomery and call it "monstrous," if you will—or, as an alternative, take the view of the waiting Federals, who when they saw the Confederates moving up to make a head-on smash at a powerful position, exultantly murmured "Fredericksburg!" recalling the day seven months earlier when they themselves had been whipped trying a similar assault. Or, if you wish, repeat what Lee himself said, after it was all over and the assaulting column had been wrecked: "It is all my fault. I thought my men were invincible." Whichever comment you choose, the business fails. Lee has lost the battle, and now he has to get back to Virginia as quickly as he can.

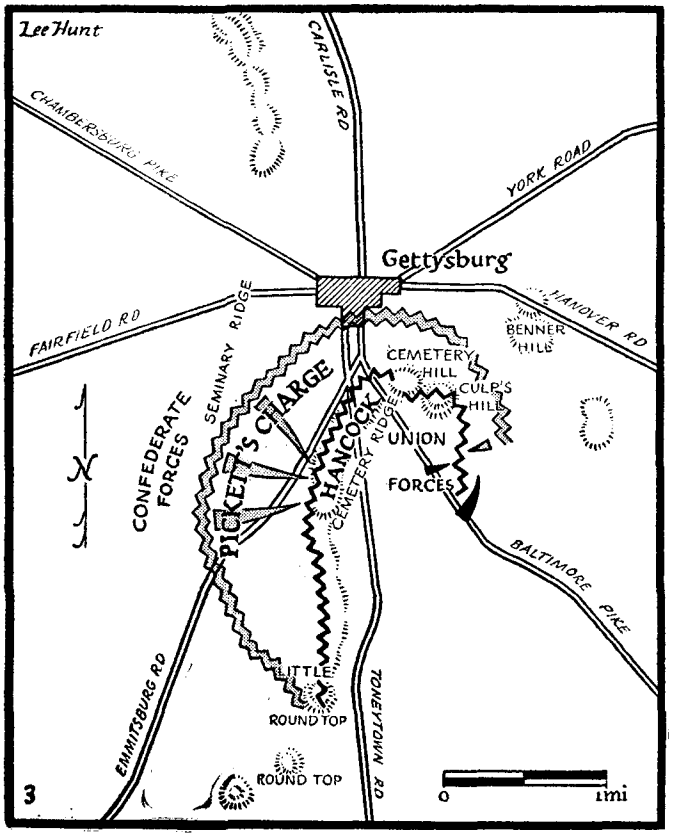
Now it is Meade's turn for criticism. He let Lee get away. His own view, afterward, was that he could not help himself, that he had pursued as energetically and as aggressively as was proper—the Army of Northern Virginia, after all, could be in the last degree dangerous even after a licking, and Meade and all his subordinates were painfully aware of the fact. Lincoln felt that with a little more drive and determination, Meade could have brought the army to battle, and destroyed it, before it could get south across the Potomac; Marshal Montgomery and President Eisenhower seem to have agreed. Meade, who had a good first-hand view of the whole situation, always held a contrary view. You can take your choice.

Those are the bare bones of the business, and it is easy enough to see why it is all interpreted, many decades later, in terms of missed opportunities. The "if's" are numerous and fascinating; change one and you change the whole picture. People have been playing with them ever since, and they probably always will.

Note that in all of this Lee is the central figure. Gettysburg is *his* battle, even though he lost it. He dominated the minds of his opponents at the time,

(*Continued on page* 48)





—Maps by Lee Hunt, after those in Lt. Col. Joseph B. Mitchell's "Decisive Battles of the Civil War" (Putnam).

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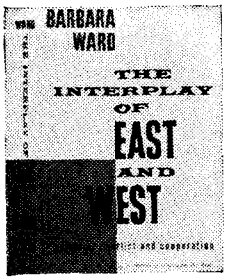

Spotlight on the World:

"THE INTERPLAY OF EAST AND WEST"

Author: Barbara Ward

By AUGUST HECKSCHER, *director, Twentieth Century Fund.*

THE INTERESTS of the average American have been hugely expanded over the past generation. The First World War brought a fresh consciousness of Europe. The Second World War made Russia an overriding preoccupation. When Wendell Willkie spoke of "One World" he meant mainly a oneness between the West and Russia; it remained for the Cold War (and for Adlai Stevenson, who first spoke, I believe, of "the uncommitted nations") to make of vital concern the relations between the West and the whole vast sweep of the East.

Across this enlarged stage Barbara Ward, through her new book "The Interplay of East and West" (Norton, $3.50), now offers herself as a guide. It would be hard to imagine one more lucid, more eloquent, or more charming. Her small volume, a gathering of lectures delivered at McGill University, yields many fresh insights into the way the two halves of the globe have reacted upon each other in the past and how they can be of help to each other in the crisis through which the whole twentieth-century world is passing.

A quick survey of former centuries reminds us that the interplay of the two strains of civilization is not new. What is new is the rapidity of change and the intensity of the relationships brought about by modern transport and communication. When Marco Polo first visited the East, he found a civilization more advanced than the Europe of his day, and far richer in all the current forms of wealth. Europe was then a have-not nation —yet rich in the gifts of mind and spirit which were to make the age of iron more productive in human well-being than the age of gold and spice had ever been. Today East and West confront each other on new terms; and the East, says Miss Ward, has no choice but to imitate the West and to industrialize as quickly as possible.

It must industrialize because only by this means can it have power, and it is no longer content to remain in a subservient position. Moreover, the immense increase in its population, brought about by the beginnings of economic progress, compels it to go the whole way if its civilization is not to perish in war and disease. Faced by this necessity, the East has two alternatives. It can follow the way of Russia or the way of the free West. There is no question but that the example of Russia, which in a generation has shaped an economy of vast productive capacity, is in many ways attractive. But Miss Ward is convinced that forty years of experience with Communism has disillusioned those who might be her followers. Not only is lack of freedom a deterrent, but failure to deal effectively with the agricultural problem shows that the system has grave practical shortcomings.

The free West has its chance—but only if it acts with vision. It begins with the handicap of long association in the mind of the East with colonialism and aggression. It suffers today from the immense disproportion between its wealth and the poverty of the lands which it seeks to influence. In the end, Miss Ward is convinced, the West will have to accept in regard to the world community what it has made fundamental at home: the idea that great poverty and great wealth cannot safely exist side by side. Within national boundaries it has been recognized that all benefit when well-distributed purchasing power and a rising standard of living provide a solid base for the economy. How this shall be accomplished on a world scale Miss Ward does not indicate. Evidently it will require something more than the limited economic and technical aid which the United States has been providing.

The necessity for vision applies to the East as well as to the West. The danger is that nationalism will be pursued in an extreme form, at the very time when its absurdity as a practical doctrine has been uncontrovertibly demonstrated. It is difficult for the West to overcome the virus of nationalism; for the East it may be even more so. Miss Ward, who has always combined a knowledge of economics with a sensitivenes to spiritual forces, argues that it will be subdued only by a greater force; and this force, she suggests, must be essentially religious in nature. The meaning of science, when apprehended in all its implications, will strengthen religion in the West; it may be given a vitality and power which permits it to illumine the nations struggling toward industrial and technological advance. Thus the East, Miss Ward proposes, can learn from us; it will be saved from the materialism through which it might pass in its search for material growth.

The book is wise in its understanding of Western strength as well as Western weakness; it reminds us of our opportunities even while it warns us against self-righteousness. If the next chapter in history is to avoid the overwhelming tragedy of a world divided and of civilizations at odds, it will be because men and women have taken thought in time. Miss Ward is one of the most eloquent of those in the vanguard.

ABOUT BARBARA WARD: "The Interplay of East and West" is a gathering of lectures that Miss Ward delivered at McGill University in the autumn of 1955. More than 2,500 people—students, professors, and other citizens of Montreal—turned up on three evenings in singularly wintry weather and sat silently attentive on the hard temporary seats that had been installed in the gymnasium armory because none of the lecture halls in the university was large enough to hold the audience. All this was testimony to the wit and charm of Miss Ward (or more formally, Lady Jackson, for she is the wife of Sir Robert G. A. Jackson), who became foreign editor of the *Economist* of London at the age of twenty-six. Her reputation was initially confined to Britain's serious classes, but she caught on among the man- and woman-in-the-street in the early Forties when she joined the panel of BBC's "Brains Trust," a kind of "Information, Please." She has five previous books to her credit, of which "The West at Bay" and "Policy for the West" are perhaps best known in this country. Now, at the age of forty-three and the mother of a small son, she is winding up a lecture series at Harvard. Soon she will be heading back to England to join her husband, who recently completed a tour of duty as adviser to the government of the Gold Coast, the British colony in Africa that recently became independent Ghana.

—ARCHIBALD VAN VORHEES.

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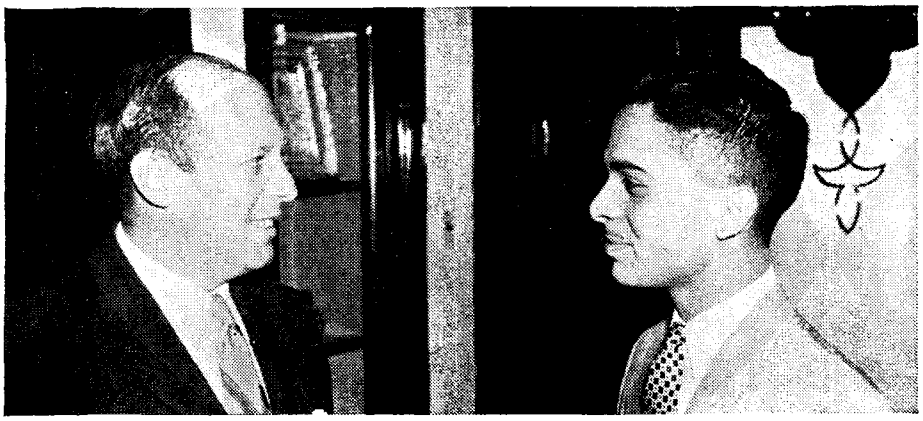

—From the book.

King Hussein of Jordan (right) with Alfred M. Lilienthal in Amman.

Storm in the Levant

"There Goes the Middle East," by Alfred M. Lilienthal *(Devin-Adair. 300 pp. $4), is a strong attack on American and Zionist policy in respect to the Arab lands. Professor Sydney N. Fisher of the Ohio State University and editor of "Social Forces in the Near East" is our reviewer.*

By Sydney N. Fisher

"AMERICAN chickens in the Middle East have been coming home to roost and are laying red eggs," Alfred M. Lilienthal tells us in his new book "There Goes the Middle East." Should the Arab states and consequently the entire Middle East, including North Africa, succumb to the Soviet bloc and permit the Iron Curtain to be moved outward, the United States could blame only herself. The Middle East is teetering precariously on the brink. Mr. Lilienthal's pessimistic tone leaves little doubt about the outcome.

Written before the very recent political explosions in Jordan wherein King Hussein ousted Prime Minister Nabulsi and General Ali Abu Nuwar, "There Goes the Middle East" is a vigorous indictment of American foreign policy in regard to the Arab states and Israel. Mr. Lilienthal introduces his thesis with the words of Ernest K. Lindley, "Domestic politics rather than a considered analysis of the interests of the United States has been the predominating factor in our policy concerning Palestine." It would be interesting to know whether or not Mr. Lilienthal considers the dispatch of the American Sixth Fleet to the Levant, the financial assistance delivered to King Hussein, and the probable indirect sympathy, encouragement, and favor transmitted to the "pro-Western" forces in Jordan as an indication of a real shift in American Middle Eastern policy.

Step by step, point by point, this polemic narrates the battle between American officials and experts, first emblazoned by Secretary Forrestal who recognized the significance of the Middle East to the United States, and by Zionist leaders and pro-Zionist spokesmen who, Mr. Lilienthal believes, tried to subordinate general American interests to their own. Thus, this volume is not so much an account of contemporary events in the Middle East as a denunciation of the forces in the United States which have dictated our policy in the Middle East. Mr. Lilienthal recites the pressures utilized in getting the partition of Palestine through the United Nations Assembly and cites countless instances in which, he asserts, Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, as well as a whole host of governors, senators, congressmen, Cabinet officers, and political candidates, have yielded to Zionist political strength. He offers examples of slanted articles and news coverage in leading American dailies to round out a picture of an apathetic American public being misled by a furtive campaign of misinformation. In conclusion, he sorrowfully maintains that Communist inroads in the Middle East succeed only because American promises and good intentions toward the Arabs are hamstrung by Zionists or by those who fear their vindictiveness.

On some of these points Mr. Lilienthal is not very convincing. Exactly why Secretary Dulles withdrew the Western offer to help Egypt build the Great Dam at Aswan when he did and in such a manner is not clearly stated and Mr. Lilienthal acknowledges that many considerations other than Zionist views were involved. Nor has he completely saddled the Zionists with the Suez problems of 1956 and 1957.

In order to save the Middle East, Mr. Lilienthal urges that we adopt a truly impartial attitude toward the two contending forces in the area. From such a posture, he hopes can come a peace settlement which will establish widely acceptable and delimited frontiers and which will solve the riddle of the tragic Arab refugees. He suggests the return to the Arabs of the Galilee hills region in the vicinity of Nazareth, where many Arab refugees originated and whose rugged terrain can be better cultivated by Arabs than by the Israelis. Surely small comfort to the refugees! Moreover, he asks that Israel become a small compact Middle Eastern nationalist state rather than continue as the center of a universal Jewish nationalism.

Zionists naturally will not like this book. Nor will many Democrats and Republicans. Indeed, there is hardly anyone who holds a position on the Middle East—whether British, French, Russian, or Arab—who will not take exception to some of Mr. Lilienthal's words and points of view. The author is addressing the American public but the book is so full of names, places, and incidents, many of which are only identified most summarily, that the reader, uninitiated to Middle Eastern affairs, is more than likely to be bewildered. The experts, who in general have already made up their minds, may enjoy perusing this homily to find such expressions on American foreign policy as this condemnation of American action in the Middle East: "We are speaking loudly and carrying a little stick."

PARLIAMENT OR DEBATING SOCIETY?: Has the United Nations, now in its second decade, really been moving towards an effective "parliament of man," or has it, under the shadow of the Cold War, been sinking into a kind of debating society whose brilliant deliberations are carried on off the beaten path of world events? In **"Revolution on East River"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) James Avery Joyce, as his title implies, comes down hard for the first alternative. National sovereignty, he says flatly, is "on the way out." Yet Mr. Joyce's conclusion proves less a matter of demonstration than of hope.

His defense of neutralism will hardly endear him to many Americans, and his general peace-at-any-price approach sounds like the pacifism that was all too prevalent, and costly, before World War II.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Man on Vacation

***"Charlie," by Ben Hecht** (Harper. 242 pp. $3.95), is a volume of reminiscences about the writer and Character known as Charles MacArthur by his long-time collaborator.*

By Allen Churchill

BEN HECHT and Charles MacArthur wrote some of the funniest and most rousing plays of the Twenties and Thirties. They also did some of the best and also some of the most disappointing movies of the era. But their names on a playbill or a screen credit always meant a production which made an honest effort to achieve the truly off-beat in humor or the extraordinary in drama. Now MacArthur is dead and Hecht is carrying on by working on the script of "Farewell to Arms" in Italy. However, before undertaking this chore he wrote, with verbal assistance from Mrs. MacArthur (Helen Hayes), a memoir of Charlie.

The result is in many ways an infuriating book—but, as everyone knows, MacArthur could be an infuriating person. Mr. Hecht has adopted a kind of sententious writing, solemnly referring to MacArthur throughout as "my friend." At times his book reads like a sob-in-throat George Jessel eulogy; at others it evokes the purple passages of a Gene Fowler biography. Yet Mr. Hecht's real purpose is to project the unique flavor of his madcap sidekick of so many years. While his book is embarrassingly maudlin in spots, he mainly succeeds in this.

"Charlie" is a bawdy, name-dropping, loosely chronological assortment of anecdotes, some revealing, others not. At only one point in the book does Mr. Hecht make an attempt to come to grips with his subject, and in this he is perhaps quite justified. For Charlie and those around him never attempted to come to grips with life. By a combination of easy talent, high earning power, and the times in which they lived, it was possible for the happy group to inhabit an irresponsible world of perpetual escape. If the thought that the lives they led might end in horrible physical deaths —as in John Barrymore's and MacArthur's—this was only the occasion to gulp another drink. "You laughed and had fun, and trouble was a beggar to be dismissed with a dime," explains Mr. Hecht, in one of his more rounded periods.

Again Mr. Hecht says of Charlie, "he seemed always like a man on vacation." Yet as pictured here there seems as much desperation as gaiety in his vacationing. MacArthur was the son of a fanatical evangelist, who kept a strap soaking in vinegar and nightly whipped his children because he was sure they had sinned during the day. It is apparent that after such a boyhood the rest of life might easily seem what is now called a ball. MacArthur himself dated his buoyant outlook from the day in 1918 when, leaping to escape from a German shell, he landed head-first in an outdoor latrine. "MacArthur, this is the lowest point in your life," he said to himself. "From here on everything has got to be an improvement."

Once he found there were no vinegar-soaked straps in life, MacArthur proceeded to become what might be called the Character's Character. In Hollywood story conferences someone would say "Let's make the guy a Charlie," and another zany comedy to star William Powell or James Stewart would be under way. One of the things necessary to a Character, of course, is the making of witty remarks, and MacArthur—together with Hecht, Robert Benchley, Nunnally Johnson, Leland Hayward, and others of the circle—tirelessly tried to poke fun at the world and produce the retort hilarious. One of the disappointments of this book is that few of these many quotes hold up well. Also disappointing are his love letters to Helen Hayes. Here was a man who could do much of his drinking in brothels, even after married to a lady who brought so much sweetness and gentility to the American theatre. Perhaps because of this his letters to her are stilted and dull. The man who could be so antic in scribbled notes and playscripts wrote like an awkward schoolboy to his wife.

It is easy to pick flaws in Mr. Hecht's loving tribute, but it is difficult to find flaws in the complete flavor of it. His random approach and juicy writing capture the feeling of the Madcap Twenties—and of the Thirties which remained madcap for a chosen few. Best of all his book—maudlin, sometimes funny, often zany, vulgar, bizarre, and badly organized—brings the essence of the bewildered genius who was MacArthur. The easy money of Hollywood, where the Hecht-MacArthur team could command over $100,000 for a script, could not keep MacArthur from wondering occasionally what made him the inspired collaborator of ephemeral material but little else. In his later years—when this reviewer knew him—MacArthur was thin-skinned and defensive about his position as a writer. Still, he never stopped to think the problem through. Neither does Mr. Hecht in "Charlie"—which perhaps is the way it should be.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LET'S PLAY AUTHORS

Here are titles of biographical novels based on the life of an author, or authors. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, wants to know if you can identify the subjects and pair each title with *its* author. Answers on page 20.

	Title		*Author*		*Subject*
1.	"Beloved"	( )	E. Thornton-Cooke	( )	Lord Byron
2.	"They Lived"	( )	Lion Feuchtwanger	( )	George Sand
3.	"Glorious Apollo"	( )	Irving Bacheller	( )	Jack London
4.	"Drums of Monmouth"	( )	Frances Winwar	( )	The Brontës
5.	"William and Dorothy"	( )	Emma G. Sterne	( )	Walt Whitman
6.	"Sailor on Horseback"	( )	E. Barrington	( )	Philip Freneau
7.	"Tis Folly to Be Wise"	( )	John Jennings	( )	The Wordsworths
8.	"The Midnight Gardener"	( )	Irving Stone	( )	Benjamin Franklin
9.	"The Start of the Road"	( )	Helen Ashton	( )	Judah P. Benjamin
10.	"The Life of the Heart"	( )	John Erskine	( )	Charles Baudelaire
11.	"Banners Against the Wind"	( )	Vina Delmar	( )	Samuel Gridley Howe
12.	"In the Days of Poor Richard"	( )	Max White	( )	Jean-Jacques Rousseau

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Riches and Despair

***"The Three Lives of Harriet Hubbard Ayer," by Margaret Hubbard Ayer and Isabella Taves** (Lippincott. 284 pp. $3.95), is the story of a colorful strong-minded woman of the youthful years of this century.*

By Jean Campbell Jones

FOR those who never heard the scandal and know the name of Harriet Hubbard Ayer only by the label on the little gold and white jars, this book will be a revelation in just how complicated a career woman's career can be.

The cosmetic company she founded has long since passed into other hands, and her daughter, now in her seventies, waited to tell this strange story until all of the principals in the plot were dead.

Harriet was the object of many a line of yellow journalism, and for Margaret, the biography is obviously a labor of love to clear her mother's name. Working with Isabella Taves, author of "Successful Women" and many magazine articles on such people as Grace Kelly and Jacqueline Cochran, she has also managed to convey the heartbreak and despair which lay behind the much admired "navy blue eyes."

It's a bizarre story, and sometimes the three lives seem more like nine. In her Chicago society days, Harriet was a proud beauty whose marriage was a dreadful mistake. Rebeling against the Victorian stuffiness of the day. she went in for Japanese flower arrangements, bric-a-brac, French food, visiting theatrical celebrities—and began to suffer from acute insomnia. Oscar Wilde, when he lectured at the Central Music Hall said "the most beautifully furnished house in the entire West belongs to Mrs. Herbert Ayer of Chicago." Her husband later remarked that the last year she lived with him she cost him $96,000.

Wretchedly unhappy with Herbert, she went to New York and took an apartment on fashionable Union Square. Very shortly after, Herbert lost the family fortune and told her she could have a divorce if she could afford to pay the lawyers. Then she discovered that she had a talent for making as well as spending money.

With two small children to support, she first sold antiques, quickly moved into decorating. It was there that she met, through decorating his yacht, the nefarious multi-millionaire, Jim Seymour. They were attracted to each other, and Seymour urged her to make money on her own. "Nobody ever got rich on commissions. . . . Try to figure out something that every woman in America will want, and give it to them."

On her next European antique hunt, she sought out the French chemist who in her society days had concocted a violet scent for her, supposedly from an old formula used by Madame Récamier. From him she bought the formula for a face cream and Seymour backed her in business.

Harriet wrote the advertising copy herself. Adelina Patti, Lilly Langtry, and all of the old celebrities who had once come to dinner at the Ayers in Chicago were now pressed into service with endorsements. The products and Harriet quickly became world-famous. She still suffered from loneliness and insomnia, but now she used the booming business to push everything else out of her mind. And in those pre-Miltown days, there was morphine. She took it.

She doted on her two daughters and sent them to Germany for an expensive education supervised by a well-known lady novelist. Harriet later charged that this same novelist conspired with Jim Seymour to kill her and take control of both the daughters and the now highly lucrative Récamier Company. This account of her persecution reads like a paranoid fantasy, but in a series of sensational court trials, Harriet managed to make her charges stick, first that they tried to poison her with drugs, and later that they abducted her and had her unjustly confined in a Bronxville insane asylum.

Both daughters deserted her, and her ex-husband testified against her. But when she managed a dramatic escape from the Bronxville establishment, she recouped with characteristic courage and mounted the same platform once graced by Oscar Wilde to deliver an evening lecture called "My Fourteen Months in a Madhouse." Her lectures were instrumental in changing some of the New York State laws on lunacy.

The cosmetic business had sagged badly in her absence, and she herself was greatly changed. She had lost her enthusiasm for money, and she cured herself of her dependence on morphine. Willingly, she faced receivership and launched her third and happiest career as a newspaperwoman. Always with a good sense of box office, she sold Arthur Brisbane the idea that the new business girls were discovering that good looks got them ahead faster than ability—"as long as men are the employers."

Starting with a beauty column, she went on to head the Woman's Department, later became one of the first of the sob sisters. All of the excess maternity which had made her such a possessive and dominating mother, now found an outlet. When she died she was one of the most influential newspaperwomen in the country.

Mrs. Ayer—"excess maternity."

Like much contemporary magazine style biography, the book has psychoanalytic gloss, and often becomes an attempt to explain, to understand, and to forgive. But there's no dearth of incident and most readers will agree "If she had lived in our time, we would certainly consider Harriet Hubbard Ayer an unusually forceful woman; over fifty years ago, when women were just beginning to think of themselves as having rights, she was extraordinary."

BANJO EYES: Latest of the nation's top comedians to take to the bookstores is Eddie Cantor. In **"Take My Life"** (Doubleday, $3.95) he tells with the assistance of Jane Kasner Ardmore of his rise, via Broadway, from Hester Street to Palm Springs. In the instances shown of his own behavior, the ego-infused Eddie of stage and screen is plainly to be seen. But despite this Cantor seems to have attracted warm friends among the theatrical great. In his appraisal of them he is gratifyingly frank, explaining his willingness to overlook the foibles of such as Al Jolson in return for the occasional rewards of friendship. A minimum of attention is given to Mr. Cantor's five-girl family and his heart attack. The author has been especially fortunate in his collaborator, who either let Eddie talk into a tape-recorder or learned to write exactly as he might talk. The result is as free of syntax as a Presidential news conference, but the better for it.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

THE GAUDY TEX: Anyone familiar with the Golden Twenties fondly recalls the name of Tex Rickard, the onetime Klondike prospector who became the

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greatest prizefight promoter of all time, in the process originating the Million Dollar Gate. Charles Samuels tells his story in **"The Magnificent Rube: The Life and Gaudy Times of Tex Rickard"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.50). In spots—such as the Dempsey-Carpentier, Dempsey-Firpo fights—this makes quite a tale. But on the whole (and not too surprisingly) Mr. Samuels has failed to attain the warmth and color achieved in his collaboration with Ethel Waters and in certain of his other books. A good job, but at the same time oddly perfunctory, considering that the author recognizes in his title that Tex Rickard's times were gaudy ones. —A. C.

THE PHILADELPHIA KELLYS: By this time most newspaper readers know that there are other Philadelphia Kellys besides Princess Grace. Not the least interesting (to literary eyes, at least) would be playwright George Kelly and the late Walter C. Kelly, vaudeville's Virginia Judge. Their brother, Jack Kelly, is Grace Kelly's proud father, and the lives of the artistic Kellys, together with Jack Kelly, his son "Kell," and Grace are warmly told in **"That Kelly Family,"** by John McCallum (Barnes, $3.95). When the English some years back looked askance at champion sculler Jack Kelly's proletarian past, he went home and trained Kell to enter the Diamond sculls on the Thames and win. A rousing success story even without the aid of Princess Grace. —A. C.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 729

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 729 will be found in the next issue.

UMNHCOIOAI CN UN IUNZ HG

EI UN HIERIFUOAI YGDPL MI

LCJJCADPH.

VGBONGO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 728

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

—PLATO.

FICTION

Organization Men in Revolt

***"From the Dark Tower," by Ernst Pawel** (Macmillan. 245 pp. $3.75), is the story of Abe Rogoff, Organization Man, who rebels against the Organization and what it represents.*

By David Karp

WILLIAM H. WHYTE, JR., has given the wretch a name. He calls him The Organization Man; but in the world about us we have all become Organization men. This is the fear which underlies Ernst Pawel's thoughtful, tense, bitter, and fine novel "From the Dark Tower." Mr. Pawel's Organization Man is Abe Rogoff, ex-anarchist, ex-hobo, ex-bohemian, ex-individual, a creature so far from the wildness of his youth that he was able to go to work for a huge metropolitan life insurance company, snuggle down in the coziest and richest of Long Island's suburban communities, and actually become the member of a handful of suburban organizations.

Child-centered suburbanites will understand why Abe Rogoff submerged himself in the life of Samaria Beach, in the death of the Tower. He did it for the sake of his son, David. But a crucial moment arose in his life, a moment prepared for by the death of his best friend. At a community meeting in Civil Defense Abe Rogoff, moved by feelings he had buried for ten years, stirred by rebel impulses which he had successfully choked back for ten years rose as from a dream and said that he considered Civilian Defense against the atom and hydrogen bombs so much nonsense.

From that moment on the break between himself and the world about him became clear. Moved by a stubbornness against recanting, manipulated by the fear that he was being drowned in conformity he watches himself walk out of the pale, subjecting himself and his wife and his son to abuse and scandal and physical violence, wrecking his "career" in the Tower, becoming a social pariah. There are moments when Abe could have "saved himself" by performing the small necessary act of contrition, rendering to the Organization the small symbolic gesture of surrender. But he refused not because he was wilful but because that fragment of his individuality refused to allow him to make the gesture.

Mr. Pawel's novel takes us into the lives and minds and hearts of people who inhabit the suburbs, who fill the corporation towers and offices. He takes us there and shows with dark, bitter despair the reduction of humanity to IBM punch cards. It frightens because it is so close to the truth. Abe Rogoff's answer to the creeping reduction of human temperature to the level of the deep freeze is to run—to run as hard and as fast and as far as he can. It is an unfortunate answer—perhaps as foolish as Civilian Defense and a serious defect in an otherwise splendid novel. The Rogoffs, huddled at the foot of the great mountains watch apprehensively for the approaching shadow of the Organization—a hell of a posture for individualists.

Mr. Pawel's fine book has a dark, strong taste and it ought to keep you awake nights. If you care at all about the human condition you must read it.

ANOTHER REBEL: **"Durable Fire,"** by the late Howard Swiggett (Houghton Mifflin, $4), describes the trajectory of an inner-directed man in the world of corporate business. Stephen Lowry, Mr. Swiggett's individualist, comes to the Continental Industries Corporation from the government service and a colorful but catch-as-catch-can background—and tries not to let a vice-presidency whittle down his idiosyncrasies. These include a distaste for conspicious consumption, an interest in scholarly matters (his hobby is writing a book), and an unshakable integrity. In spite of these

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Beloved," by Vina Delmar; Judah P. Benjamin. 2. "They Lived," by E. Thornton-Cooke; the Brontës. 3. "Glorious Apollo," by E. Barrington; Lord Byron. 4. "Drums of Monmouth," by Emma G. Sterne; Philip Freneau. 5. "William and Dorothy," by Helen Ashton; the Wordsworths. 6. "Sailor on Horseback," by Irving Stone; Jack London. 7. " 'Tis Folly to Be Wise," by Lion Feuchtwanger; Jean-Jacques Rousseau. 8. "The Midnight Gardener," by Max White; Charles Baudelaire. 9. "The Start of the Road," by John Erskine; Walt Whitman. 10. "The Life of the Heart," by Frances Winwar; George Sand. 11. "Banners Against the Wind," by John Jennings; Samuel Gridley Howe. 12. "In the Days of Poor Richard," by Irving Bacheller; Benjamin Franklin.

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traits and a lack of interest in company intrigue, Lowry does not make out too badly. His colleagues are shocked at his frugality ("Do you realize that they expect to 'save up' for things?") and the fact that his wife doesn't play bridge (she's an Estonian), but after all, "he's an American and he went to Yale" and besides, he is a first-class executive.

All of Lowry's qualities are put to the test when the gentlemanly old president of Continental resigns and his place is taken by a hustling bounder named D. C. Cramer, whose first official act is to fire the mail-room clerk because he is too old. Lowry's battle to keep both his job and his soul poses a universal problem, and Mr. Swiggett develops it convincingly, without relying on a cast of simon-pure heroes and deep-dyed villains.

"Durable Fire" has a leisurely and satisfying quality amid the current crop of frenetic business novels; Mr. Swiggett's concern is in taking the measure of a man rather than an executive type, and in this he has abundantly succeeded.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

TV TRAVAILS: "He can't be alone with himself, he's a wretched hypochondriac, a contemptible, twisted wreck of a man." Who is he? Give up? Well—let's have a few more clues. His favorite recreational spot is the bathroom, where he drinks hookers of after-shave lotion or iodine (depending on his mood) and makes passes at his wrists with a razor blade. His work is done in an atmosphere of "lies and intrigue, cliques, plots, knifings, snow jobs, bluffs, boasts, flattery, and the rumor factory grinding it all up into tons of guff."

Now, of course, the measure of our man is evident to all: he is a big-time television comedian. This particular incarnation of him appears in Benedict and Nancy Freedman's **"Lootville"** (Holt, $3.95). Zane Cochrane is the buffoon's name, and the Freedmans afflict him with everything from melancholia to cancellation. The narrator of Zane's decline and fall is one Pete Munger, a simple cameraman who is almost sucked into the creative end of television by the lure of loot, but who recovers his equilibrium in time to save his soul and his union card.

That there is more than a morsel of truth in "Lootville" we have been assured by the comedians themselves—who have confessed to all who read that they are just as sick as the boy next door. But a morsel of truth is not the whole truth—and "Lootville" is too far removed from the facts of life and television to be more than heavy-handed caricature. —M. L.

Growth in Brooklyn

"The Assistant," by Bernard Malamud *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 246 pp. $3.50), tells of a small Brooklyn shopkeeper and his family and of the outsider who wins a place among them.*

By Meyer Levin

IT IS a commonplace that a writer of true talent will take commonplace material and produce through it in the reader a sense of utterly fresh discovery of human qualities. This, Bernard Malamud has achieved in his new novel "The Assistant." He has succeeded also in individualizing his people to a point where one feels able to continue conversation with them outside the book, and yet he has kept for each of them a symbolic role, so that the tale has moral echoes, indeed almost a runic quality; it is essentially a parable.

Morris Bober, the grocer, is the quintessential small, good man. He labors to "keep going" a dying store in an old Brooklyn neighborhood; Morris will get up before dawn to sell a three-cent roll to the mysterious Polish woman who calls for it every day, and he will keep open an hour later than all the competitors in the block. Yet his daughter Helen has to give up her college ambitions and go to work to help support the store.

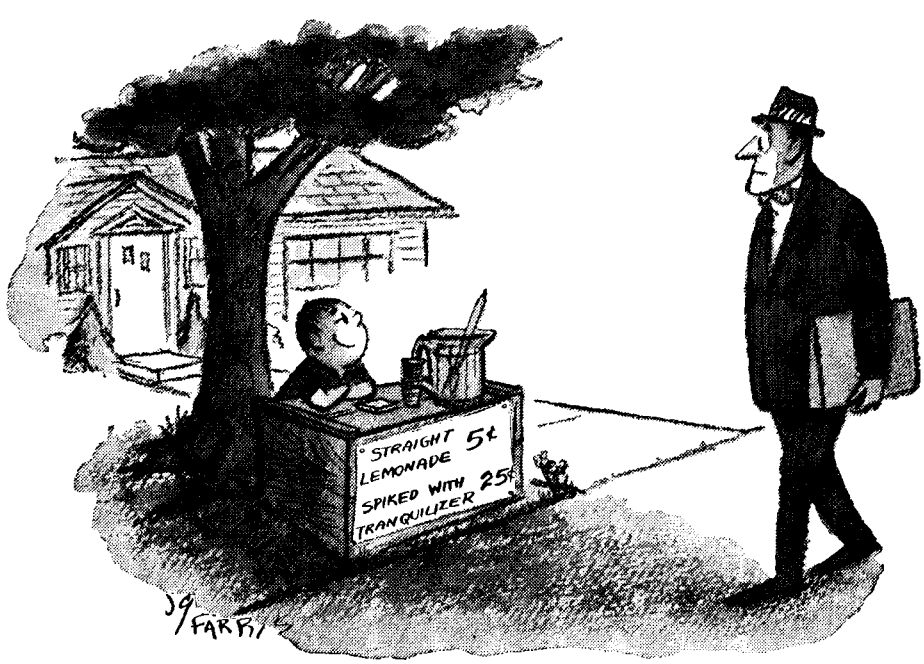
The grocer and his wife, in their ruminations to keep the store or try to sell out; in their worries for their daughter Helen, so nice, so decent, so pretty a girl, such a waste in this forsaken neighborhood; in their dealings with the few other storekeeper families of their enclave, are so finely written that their dialogues become poetic. Not since Albert Halper wrote of his father's grocery in Chicago has the atmosphere of such a place been so well rendered.

The character of Morris Bober has an affinity to that of another good soul of Brooklyn in this season's fiction, Dr. Abelman of "The Last Angry Man." But Malamud's tale has deeper artistry. And this is not because Malamud eschews plot and action. Indeed, his plot will sound contrived.

Morris Bober is held up one evening, and beaten. On his street meanwhile has appeared a personable young man, but a derelict. Morris finds Frank Alpine sleeping half-starved in his basement. Frank, a roving orphan, settles in, and even revives business. And he has his eye on Helen.

Helen is not simply an idealized slum jewel. She is a modern girl, of character and mind. One summer she gave herself to a suitor, but the experience of sex did not bring love, and so she has drawn back to an emotional virginity. It is through her that Frank finally understands the term self-discipline, and that one can achieve a renewed inner feeling of decency even after transgression. For Frank was one of the pair who helped beat up the grocer.

Malamud creates an amazing tension in his story of the growth of conscience. He keeps his tale refined down to essential scenes, in the manner of the newer novelists who work carefully in a defined frame, revealing with intensity the personal tales of a small cast of characters. He is a writer who certainly will count amongst the literary figures of our day.



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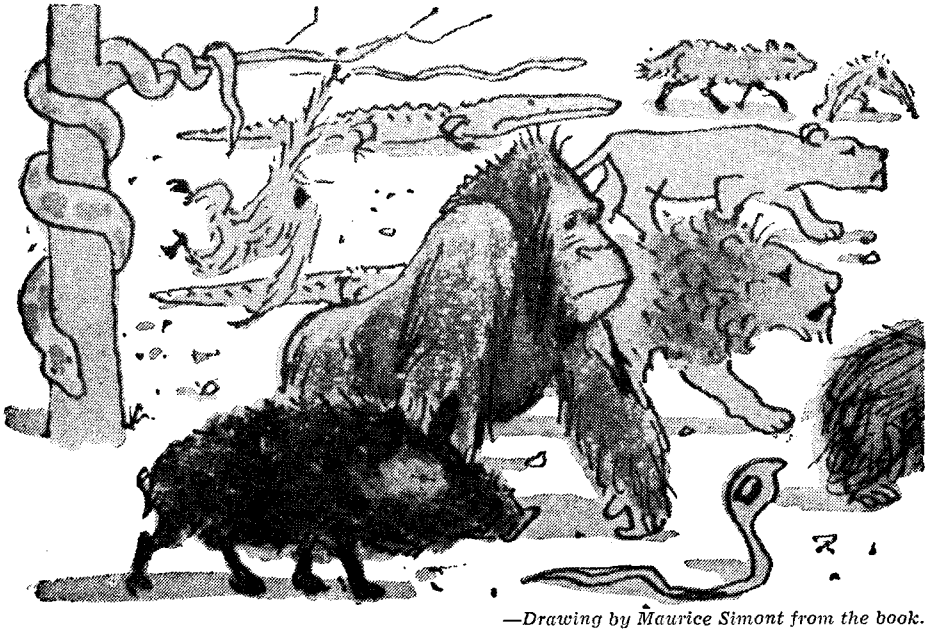

—Drawing by Maurice Simont from the book.

Srry Land

***"The Wonderful O," by James Thurber** (Simon & Schuster. 72 pp. $3.50), describes what happens in a land so unfortunate and foolish as to abolish the letter O.*

By Golbort Soldos

A SWEET reasonableness is one of James Thurber's prime attributes. In his new book he starts with a premise no rational man can dispute: in this case it is the raging hatred a sea captain has for the letter O. We've had parallel, if not identical phobias, and the only difference is that we haven't been in a position to do anything about it. Thurber's man does.

Believing implicitly in the premise, we have no difficulty in accepting the story of "The Wonderful O." An allusion to a man named Gunn indicates that it is the story again of Treasure Island, but the search is long and tedious and in the course of it the leaders of the expedition decide to abolish all things (I daren't say objects) the names of which include the letter O. "And so the locksmith became a lcksmith and the bootmaker a btmaker"—but that was only when they deleted the letter. Later they banished the thing itself, animal, vegetable, or mineral. And the natives of the island gathered in the forest at night and wept for lve and told themselves they must keep up hpe.

Hope is one of the four words with O which the oppressed natives must not lose or forget. Love is another "and valor, I should think" says an old man. But the fourth they have to seek for, not without dust and heat. If I were to admit for a single moment that the book is a parable, as the dust jacket hints, I'd say that this fourth great O'd word has to be created.

There is a traitor on the island and after the invaders have been despatched "the outlawed lawyer Hyde, looking for a loophole through which he might escape, was caught in one whose O's collapsed and buried him beneath the wreckage." The battle had been won because the tyrants had forgotten to banish all the O-animals who had never been—and therefore were eternal: Little Jack Horner and Tommy Trout and Cock Robin and King Cole and all the others. And when victory has come: "Working with valor and love and hope, the islanders put the O back . . . Ophelia Oliver . . . returned wearing both her O's again, Otto Ott could say his name again . . . the robin and the oriole returned." And of course the fourth word was found.

Thurber has for some time been writing monographs on various letters of the alphabet, but this is the first time, so far as I know, that he has woven his love for letters into a story. To say that it is the story of suppression and rebellion and victory is to say only that it is the characteristic story of our dreams—it is not necessarily the story of our lives, but of what we want our lives to be.

At the end I felt sorry for Thurber, because unlike all beautiful things, his name has no O. Then I felt sorry for myself, for the same reason. But, if the editors will permit, I can rectify that. See above, left.

THE SEARCH FOR SEX: Amanda Vail's **"Love Me Little"** (McGraw-Hill, $2.75) is a teasing tour de force leavened by the innocence and pride of its slightly younger than usual heroine. Another sexy bit of chatter in the soon to be classic "I, Francoise" style, this is pretty short and sweet to be called a novel. But it's well done—and might be just the right amount of froth and fizz for some weekend train trip back to town.

Emily, the precocious child of precocious parents on New York's upper East Side, at fifteen is haunted by a sense of failure. "When one can say nothing for oneself except *I go to school,* one feels a pressing need to add items. Such as: I go to school and I've had a lover."

Reading Rilke, listening to Dylan records, and helping her near-famous father buy a Jaguar, Emily becomes a sort of modern reverse play on Samuel Richardson's "Pamela." For although she and her friend Amy want desperately to part with their virtue, the young men of their acquaintance talk only of diesels, dogs, or Princeton.

Finally while summering on Blount Island with their parents, the girls determine to have an Interesting Experience. With a secret shoebox raffle, they divide up the eight eligible males, rate their quarry, and systematically launch The Quest. There isn't much left of the stronger sex by the time they're through with the demolition, but there is always I— to look forward to. —JEAN CAMPBELL JONES.

R.I.P.: THE TRUE BLUE CLUB: The True Blue club, in St. James's Street had been built on a buoyant Victorian tide of prosperity and bad taste. Vast and oddly ventilated ("No odour that had been admitted . . . had ever been allowed completely to escape"), the True Blue was originally designed for two sets of people, "members with a comfortable number of spendable thousands a year, and servants who would work happily for a limited number of tens." In 1947, when young Peter Grant assumes the club secretaryship, both of these classes are in short supply, and the old club is tottering on its massive foundations. **"The Club,"** by Andrew Graham (Reynal, $3.50), charts Grant's manful efforts to keep the establishment going in the postwar era of the spiv, shortages, and the new poor.

In spite of the fun which Mr. Graham pokes at the True Blue's dingy grandeur, dubious cuisine, and hilarious decor (on the grand staircase is a larger than life size Venus de Milo with a huge clock ticking away in its belly), he writes the True Blue's obituary with considerable wit and a good deal of affection. —M. L.

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GOOD READING FOR SUMMER

SR's Seasonal Book Poll

TO HELP you with your summer reading, *SR* has asked the book editors of thirty leading newspapers each to name half a dozen books they have read recently that they believe deserve the attention of discriminating readers. Their favorites:

Thirteen nominations: "The Turn of the Tide," by Arthur Bryant.

Nine nominations: "Letters of James Joyce," edited by Stuart Gilbert; "The Town," by William Faulkner.

Eight nominations: "The Lady," by Conrad Richter.

Seven nominations: "Mighty Stonewall," by Frank Vandiver; "You Can't Get There From Here," by Ogden Nash.

The annotations to the 88 titles named were made by Rollene Waterman.

Fiction

NINE VOTES

THE TOWN. *By William Faulkner. Random House.* $3.95.
The Snopes clan is prowling higher and wider than ever in this fine new novel about the denizens of Yoknapatawpha County. (Beatty, Bradley, Cross, Dolbier, Flowers, Kogan, McAdory, J. K. Sherman, T. B. Sherman)

EIGHT VOTES

THE LADY. *By Conrad Richter. Knopf.* $3.
Doña Ellen is the strong-willed beauty in question in this short novel of New Mexico a century ago. (Cady, Hass, Little, McManis, O'Neill, T. B. Sherman, Smith, Snajdr)

FOUR VOTES

THE DURABLE FIRE. *By Howard Swiggett. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
The occupants of the loftier echelons of Big Business have their troubles trying to hold on to integrity and love. (Babcock, Molyneux, Snajdr, Tinkle)

THREE VOTES

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $5.
The lesser-known "Dream Life of Balso Snell" and "A Cool Million" are included along with such familiar items as "Miss Lonelyhearts" in this omnibus volume by the "Happy Mortician" of the Twenties and Thirties. (Cross, Hogan, O'Neill)

A HOUSEFUL OF LOVE. *By Marjorie Housepian. Random House.* $3.50.
The joys and sorrows of a family of Armenian-Americans. (Babcock, Barkham, Snajdr)

IN THE TIME OF GREENBLOOM. *By Gabriel Fielding. Morrow.* $4.75.
The extraordinary Horab Greenbloom and his beneficial influence upon a notorious and confused young man. (Dolbier, Nichols, Troy)

THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY. *By Robert Graves. Doubleday.* $3.95.
The versatile (historian, traveler, poet) Mr. Graves fictionally recreates the fantastic adventures of the convicted mass poisoner, William Palmer. (Cady, Cross, McManis)

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND. *By H. M. Tomlinson. Random House.* $3.50.
England during the dark and triumphant hours of the blitz in a novel by the famous (and octogenarian) author of "The Sea and the Jungle." (Molyneux, Smith, Troy)

THE WONDERFUL O. *By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A fantasy about what takes place in a land so unfortunate as to abolish the letter O. Joyfully illustrated by Maurice Simont. (Dolbier, Herzberg, Perkin)

TWO VOTES

THE BRAINTREE MISSION. *By Nicholas E. Wyckoff. Macmillan.* $3.50.
What might very well have happened if George III's government had been more reasonable and John Adams had become a peer in the House of Lords. (Hogan, Molyneux)

THE CLUB. *By Andrew Graham. Reynal.* $3.50.
Amusing and satiric glimpses behind the closed doors of a London club. (Molyneux, Yeiser)

FAR, FAR THE MOUNTAIN PEAK. *By John Masters. Viking.* $5.
A group of ambitious young English people and especially a young man who wants to climb mountains are the subject of this novel of love and violence in India by the author of "Bhowani Junction." (Flowers, Hass)

THE KINGDOM OF THIS WORLD. *By Alejo Carpentier. Translated by Harriet De Onis. Knopf.* $3.
Revolt in Haiti, the rise and fall of Henri Christophe, and voodoo are features of a brightly colored novel about a slave named Ti Noel. (T. B. Sherman, Yeiser)

LETTER FROM PEKING. *By Pearl S. Buck. John Day.* $3.75.
About an American woman separated from her half-Chinese husband, who has chosen to remain in Communist-ruled Peking. (Babcock, Tinkle)

THE NATURE OF PASSION. *By R. Prawer Jhabvala. Norton.* $3.50.
What happens when a Cambridge-educated young Indian and his fun-loving sister buck the system in tradition-bound India. (Molyneux, Nordell)

ONE VOTE

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. *By Richard Vaughan. Dutton.* $2.75.
A dark and stormy novel of Wales and a betrayed husband who sets out, with his small son, to recover his errant wife. (Troy)

THE AWAKENED. *By Zoe Oldenbourg. Translated by Edward Hyams. Pantheon.* $4.95.
Paris on the eve of World War II is the setting for this love story that interweaves the disparate worlds of Russian and German refugees. (Nichols)

FAIR WITH RAIN. *By Ann Head. McGraw-Hill.* $2.95.
Thanksgiving with the Blair family when son David arrives home from Princeton with a girl friend in tow. (Cady)

THE FEAST OF LUPERCAL. *By Brian Moore. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
A Belfast schoolteacher learns about himself and love during a frustrated affair with a friend's niece. By the author of "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne." (Hutchens)

FOWLER'S END. *By Gerald Kersh. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
The setting of this gusty novel about a bouncer in a movie house and his hateful but philosophical boss in a depressed area of London. (Herzberg)

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE. *By Alistair MacLean. Doubleday.* $3.95.
An adventure story about a five-man raiding party that undertakes an all but impossible wartime mission. By the author of "H.M.S. Ulysses." (McAdory)

THE LAST HERO. *By Peter W. Denzer. Holt.* $3.95.
A rough-and-tumble novel about an oversized young man who seems to attract violence. (McManis)

PNIN. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Doubleday.* $3.50.
A mild and lovable Russian emigré professor muddles his way through the American Academe. (Wyllie)

RIDERS OF JUDGMENT. *By Frederick Manfred. Random House.* $3.95.
Feudin' and fussin' on the Wyoming plain in an energetic novel of the American West. (Bradley)

THE SANDCASTLE. *By Iris Murdoch. Viking.* $3.95.
More earthbound than the author's "Flight From the Enchanter," this is about a stodgy teacher, his waspish wife, and an elfish lady painter. (Nordell)

SAY, DARLING. *By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
A country lad with the script for a musical comedy wrestles amusingly with the problems of Broadway and Tin Pan Alley. (Hutchens)

SONS OF AVROM. *By Roger Ikor. Translated by Leonard Friedman. Putnam.* $4.50.
Winner of France's Prix Goncourt, this novel depicts three generations of a Polish-Jewish family and their gradual assimilation into the culture of France. (Flowers)

THREE FOR THE CHAIR. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $2.95.
Three new antics of the unconquerable Nero Wolfe will delight his many devotees. (Wyllie)

THE TOWERS OF TREBIZOND. *By Rose Macaulay. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.75.
A witty dish for the refined palate is this story of a curious assortment of pilgrims on a spiritual quest to the shores of the Black Sea. (Dolbier)

THE WAPSHOT CHRONICLE. *By John Cheever. Harper.* $3.50.
An eccentric New England family wend their individual and diverting ways through this first novel by a well-known American short-story writer. (Cross)

General

THIRTEEN VOTES

THE TURN OF THE TIDE. *By Arthur Bryant. Doubleday.* $6.95.
Based on the diary of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, this backward look at the glory and defeats of World War II strategy is filled with bold (and controversial) observations of

(*Continued on page 38*)

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The Great Debate Opens

FOUR weeks ago *The Saturday Review* published a Declaration of Conscience by Dr. Albert Schweitzer. In it he called the attention of the world's people to the fact that the nuclear arms race is producing a grim byproduct. The explosions are pumping large quantities of radioactive materials into the atmosphere. These radioactive materials retain high potency in the air for more than twenty-five years. The rate of fall is irregular, depending on rains and winds. Thus, there is no way of predicting how much will fall at any one time or where it will fall or what the strength of the fallout will be. Also, the prospect is for more frequent nuclear explosions and larger ones as other nations enter into atomic production and insist on their own right to set off the big bombs as a way of demonstrating their mature military capabilities.

Dr. Schweitzer emphasized that the main danger is represented not by external radiation but by internal radiation. External radiation is the result of open exposure. While it may do harm, depending on the extent of the dose, it is not nearly so harmful as taking radioactive substances directly into the body through food. By way of illustrating the difference between internal and external radiation, the example of the wristwatch with the radium dial may be cited. The radium dial emits a small amount of radioactivity and may be only moderately harmful. But if someone were to open the face of the watch and scrape off the radium and put it in his food, the resultant harm would be many times greater. Radioactive strontium, for example, once taken into the body through food, affects the vital nucleic acid. It also affects the bone structure, especially of young children whose tolerances to radioactive strontium are much lower than they are in adults whose bones are fully formed.

Though only a small fraction of the radioactive materials released by the nuclear explosions has come to earth so far, enough has fallen to be detected in soil, water, vegetation, and milk. The U. S. Atomic Energy Commission three years ago, in a scientific paper prepared for it but not distributed to the nation's press, acknowledged that instruments had picked up the existence of radioactive strontium in milk samplings. Indeed, Dr. Willard F. Libby, co-author of that report, recommended that the nation obtain cost estimates for decontaminating milk. The strontium got into the milk from cows grazing on land which had been dusted by radioactivity. Since that report was made, the amount of radioactive strontium in the air, in milk, in vegetation, in water has increased many times, for the largest bombs have been exploded in the past three years.

The American Congress and the nation itself are now engaged in a great controversy over this question. Serious and responsible scientists are ranged on both sides. It is important, therefore, to eliminate as much confusion as possible from the debate. The fact that radioactive strontium is released by nuclear explosions is agreed to by both sides. The fact that it can do irreparable harm to human tissue is agreed to by both sides. The fact that milk and food throughout the world contains detectable amounts of radioactive poison is agreed to by both sides.

What is not agreed to concerns the amount of radioactive strontium a human being may absorb without serious harm, and also whether, even if this harm is real, it should not be accepted as an essential requirement of military security.

On the first question—the tolerance limits—the fact is that no scientist or expert, whether he is for or against the tests, can say with certainty what the precise limits of radioactive strontium are for a human being. It is this uncertainty that gives rise to the present debate. Dr. Libby argues that he has seen no direct evidence that the amount of strontium that has fallen so far has produced any significant damage. The scientists on the other side make these points: First, that the very fact that the tolerance limits are unknown makes it essential to suspend the explosions until we are sure that great harm will not be done to people everywhere—whether those people belong to the nation which is setting off the explosions or to nations which have nothing to do with the explosions. Second, that each new item of research having to do with the effects of radiation shows it to be vastly more dangerous than was previously supposed. The Atomic Energy Commission itself recently reduced its own guess by two-thirds concerning the danger factor in fallout. Third, new research definitely indicates a small increase in the world leukemia rate which is directly attributable to the explosions.

It is at this point that Dr. Libby says that any existing risk is necessary for the national security. We cannot under any circumstances afford to fall behind Soviet Russia. Also, if the United States and Great Britain give up nuclear testing, and the Russians do not, then we have jeopardized the entire Free World.

THIS is a seemingly plausible argument but it should be considered in the light of the following facts:

1) The principal factor affecting our military security at the moment is not more bombs or bigger bombs but the method of delivering the bombs we already have. Indeed, the controversy over fallout has obscured a fact of

(*Continued on page* 28)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PRAISE FOR ALANBROOKE

As the English publisher of "The Turn of the Tide," may I point out the inaccuracy of your reviewer's statement (*SR* May 18) that the book has been "roundly damned" by British military critics. So far from this being true, it was hailed as a military work of outstanding importance by the military correspondents and critics of nearly all the chief British dailies, including *The Times, Daily Telegraph, Manchester Guardian, Sunday Times, Scotsman, Yorkshire Post,* and *Daily Mail,* as well as the BBC. It has been praised, too, by a host of distinguished British service chiefs. These have included Alanbrooke's wartime fellow Chiefs of Staff, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope and Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Portal of Hungerford, who presided at the book's launching; by the former Deputy Supreme Commander of the Liberation Armies, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder; by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten of Burma, Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris, General Sir Archibald Nye—Alanbrooke's Deputy Chief of Imperial General Staff throughout the war—Generals Sir Leslie Hollis and Sir Ian Jacob, both of whom served under him as members of the wartime Chiefs of Staff Secretariat; General Sir William Morgan, formerly Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean and Head of the British Military Mission at Washington; General Sir Bernard Paget, Montgomery's predecessor as Commander-in-Chief of 21st Army Group and the trainer of Britain's D-day armies; General Sir Richard O'Connor, who encircled the Italian North African Armies in 1940; Generals Sir Frederick Browning and Sir Richard Gale, Britain's two most famous wartime commanders of airborne troops, General Sir Miles Dempsey and General Sir Brian Horrocks. It also has been commended, among others, by the Earl Attlee, Lord Templewood, Sir Alexander Cadogan, and Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, Britain's most eminent historian. Naturally there has been criticism of a book that raises such tremendous issues and touches on so many reputations, but to suggest that it has received universal condemnation from British military critics is a gross perversion of the truth.

W.A.R. Collins.
Chairman, Collins Publishers.
London, England.

GENERAL MARSHALL REPLIES

My review made some earnest criticisms of a book and its author and subject. Mr. Collins said nothing in reply to any part of that. He is concerned only because the review said that the British reception of the book was something less than a unanimous hurrah. So I quote from one London reviewer: "Who is the greatest man of the age? By his own confession Lord Alanbrooke, the general hardly anyone heard about until he revealed himself as the architect of our victory. I had no idea he was such a hero, etc., etc." Grant that the tone is amateurishly sarcastic, my point is that no one has been quite that nasty on this side of the pond.

"Then, in June 1967, the almost legendary 'Abominable Snowman' was discovered by the American Vice President when he halted his Goodwill Motorcade through Nepal in order to jump out and shake hands with what appeared to be an ordinary Himalayan native waving to him from beside the road. . . ."

Six British reviews have come my way. I have quoted one that is typical. Since I do not have time and money to go through the whole British press, I must go by what I see. Is that fair enough? To Mr. Collins's mind, however, I committed a "gross perversion of truth." Now let us look at the charge. In order to damn me, he let himself become persuaded that I implied the book had been "universally" damned by British critics. I said no such thing, and either Mr. Collins must know that or he is an ignoramus. I said "roundly condemned," and the adjective used is qualitative rather than quantitative, since by definition "roundly" means "boldly, vigorously, briskly, etc., etc."

Furthermore, none but its publisher would claim that this book raises "tremendous issues," though I grant its recklessness in touching on reputations. The only real issue is whether history should hew to the line of truth and its chroniclers should eschew hearsay, invalid documentation, and extravagant assertion. And that is a simple question.

Mr. Collins must know that as Chief Historian of European Theatre I became grounded in the conference notes and other top-secret papers which disclose how great events became weighted in the mutual undertakings between Britain and the United States. Most of them were familiar to me twelve years ago when I took the first steps to establish historical collaboration between the Imperial General Staff and our own on World War II operations. It is from that background that I say the case as organized by Sir Arthur is faulty, inaccurate history. Since fact is not established in a shouting contest, it does not impress me as proving anything that a gallery of British generals endorse Sir Arthur's book.

I, too, like it. I simply add that even in such a primary matter as why the German Army came at odds with itself in the crisis hours preceding Dunkirk, Sir Arthur is woefully ignorant about his sources. What he writes on that score is interesting but it is also dead wrong.

S.L.A. Marshall.
Detroit, Mich.

WE'LL ALL DIE

The tone of condescension in Dr. Willard Libby's "Open Letter to Dr. Schweitzer" (*SR* May 25) is not only repulsive in itself, but makes suspect the arguments he offers against Dr. Schweitzer's statement. To assume that the end justifies the means, to assume the responsibility for deciding that the suffering and early termination of life for an estimated number of people is a "small risk" in relation to the possibility of death and destruction from Russia, is to forget that WE ARE ALL GOING TO DIE SOMETIME and that therefore it's the QUALITY OF LIVING that matters. There is no unknown on which the AEC may speculate that justifies repudiation of the great law of life that bids us love our neighbor as ourselves.

Mrs. Lester Garner.
Sterling, Col.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Designs for Acting

ONE LUXURY that theatre fans always find hard to resist is a book of scenic reproductions. Unfortunately, the mounting costs of photoengraving have made recent American efforts in this field a bit on the shabby side. To publish at a price low enough to guarantee a substantial sale, the quality of these books has deteriorated to the point where every illustration seems a faded wirephoto from the past.

Now at last Theatre Arts Books, with the cooperation of the International Theatre Institute and Belgium's Elsevier Press, has faced the issue squarely with a sumptuous volume, **"Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1935."** The reproductions in color and in black-and-white are first-class, and the price of $17.50 is "first-class," too. The handsome anthology contains abundant selections from twenty-three countries with a brief evaluation of the trends in scenic art in each by a writer from the nation under discussion. In general, the national differences are less striking than the differences between individual designers. This is particularly true of the American section, where the European influence is strongly in evidence. This may be partly because of the shameful omission of such designers as Peter Larkin, William and Jean Eckart, Harry Horner, George Jenkins, Ralph Alswang, and Raoul Pene du Bois in favor of presenting more than one design by several designers whose contributions are less distinguished or less representative of our theatre. Yet the collection is impressive, and most so when the designs are most simple. Jones's "A Moon for the Misbegotten," Gorelik's "Desire Under the Elms," Mielziner's "Winterset," and Aronson's "The Gentle People" are designs of which any nation could be proud.

The most exciting designs in terms of spatial experimentation come in the German section (one must include Teo Otto, whose designs are under Switzerland in this category). It would seem that the old expressionism in which inner and exterior forces are indicated by exaggeration, distortion, and extreme use of symbolism has given way to a more practical concept. The aim of the best German contemporaries seems to be the capturing of the fantastic and fragmentary nature of postwar life. In keeping with the times, plot and social forces in need of reform have lost their primary importance. A modern play's dramatic events only serve to recreate life's ironies and absurdities, its hopeless insecurities and its directionlessness. This is reflected in scenery able to transform itself rapidly from one fragmentary state to another and which provides a spatial architecture that describes the profound truth of the human condition instead of the shallow reality of literal backgrounds. It should be noted that Germany is not alone in this. Mielziner's "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is an experiment in this direction. And French designer Max Ingrand's *total theatre* scenery for "Christophe Colomb" goes even further by creating a constantly fluid setting evoked from minute to minute by the will of the actors.

The French section is also notable for its quality. Because the French have no union restrictions to discourage first-rate artists from working in the theatre, we find the likes of Picasso, Carzou, Dufy, and Clavé creating scenery with strong individual styles. Of course, in practice some of these decors may overwhelm the play. The ideal compromise between art and practice is found in the late Christian Bérard. For M. Bérard's designs have a theatre life as well as a pictorial life.

This is why scenic design books should work toward presenting more photographs which show actual stage-sets in action. Since the best scenic artists paint as much with lighting as they do with opaque pigments it is only through a series of color photographs of a set in action that we can really judge its effectiveness.

"Stage Design Throughout the World Since 1935" is a step in the right direction. It challenges the richest nation in the world to publish an album of its own with similar quality. Perhaps with the cooperation of the theatrical unions, designers can be permitted to have their sets photographed for the record without a stagehands' charge for photo call. Perhaps a foundation or an advertiser would help underwrite part of the printing costs. And perhaps an American publisher with modern marketing methods can promote a sale large enough to bring the price down to $10. Until this happens the ITI volume will do admirably.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Reviews and Revisions

IN A recent report here I gave, I am afraid, a wrong impression of one side of the argument on the licensing of TV stations. I confess to a good deal of sympathy for the license-holders in this matter. Given a brief or indefinite franchise, they are continually under threat from the FCC, and the worst of it is that the FCC will not specifically tell them what constitutes good conduct.

• • •

It is always gratifying when an amateur's suggestions are put into practice and turn out well—in spite of the doubts of the professionals. Commenting on the networks' handling of the U.N. Assembly debates, and their failure to arrange a simple plan for dividing the time between them, I proposed here that the networks give up their silly pretense that "other networks" do not exist. It seemed to me simple for Network A to say, in effect, we have now covered an event of grave importance for two hours and are returning to our regular schedule while Network B picks up the transmissions—and for Network B to do the same two hours later, throwing the ball to Network C.

A few weeks ago the House Un-American Affairs Committee announced six sessions in Baltimore. Stations WAAM, WBAL, and WMAR in that city promptly divided them up. I do not know whether each of the stations referred viewers to the others, but the essential step has been taken. The audience had its choice, no single station suffered too heavily in cancellations of sponsored programs, and broadcasting was "in the public service."

• • •

Some oldtimers were on hand a few Sundays ago. Perhaps the greatest single piece of shortchanging in TV history occurred when the magnificent Lou Holtz appeared for a single monologue, and not one of his best, on the Ed Sullivan Show. Mr. Holtz, when I reproached him some years ago for not working, confessed that he was a lazy man. It is part of his charm; you feel that he is too lazy to care much about putting himself over. But I sat through a Sullivan show which for the first time in many months seemed to lack conviction, and after Clyde Beatty and his lions and Tommy Sands, and all, got a skimpy five minutes of Holtz! It was too much—because it was so flagrantly too little.

Jack Benny, on the other hand, amused me and enchanted another old admirer of his who, for the first time, saw the jokes with which he had been familiar on the radio. Not word-for-word, but the same basic situations—and miraculously achieved. The way Benny and his writers use and re-use a single joke four times and make it funnier the fourth precisely because of the preceding three is an object lesson in comedy writing.

Example: Someone takes a quarter from Benny's trousers to tip a messenger boy. Benny comes in and as he picks up his trousers senses that something is wrong—he "hefts" them and cries out that a quarter is missing. The tipper, accused of extravagance, says, "I didn't know you tipped him by weight," and later Mary Livingstone comes in with another variation. The best moment is Benny's play with the trousers, but all of it "builds."

• • •

Failure to build made hash of a song-and-dance biography of George M. Cohan with Mickey Rooney doing what James Cagney did so well in the movies. But Mr. Rooney—unlike Mr. Cagney—either didn't know that George M. Cohan had style beyond his mannerisms or couldn't communicate it to us, so the whole program became a series of monotonous "dramatized" introductions to Cohan's songs, about as convincing as the lead-in to an aria in a pretentious musical. The program came to life when Miss June Havoc, dazzlingly alive and full of style, sang, "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby"—she was supposed to be impersonating Fay Templeton, a gross miscasting which didn't matter a bit.

• • •

The recrudescence of Ed Wynn is one of the pleasant phenomena of our time and I hope no one is going to get sentimental about it in the manner of the Cohan show.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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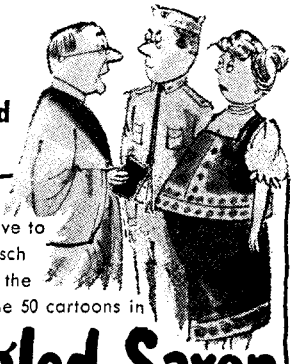

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Great Debate

Continued from page 24

profound importance to every American: this nation has lagged badly in the development of its ICBM program (intercontinental ballistics missile) and is believed by military experts to be substantially behind Soviet Russia in this respect. The Soviet also has submarines that can plant large megaton hydrogen bombs off our coasts, creating radioactive tidal waves that would wash far inland. The submarines can also be used as launching platforms for direct attack against our population centers.

2) Both the United States and the Soviet Union by this time have more than enough high-megaton hydrogen explosives to destroy each other and the rest of the world. There is not a city in the world that could not be made uninhabitable by one or at most two of the large bombs. The Russians already have bombs of sufficient power to enable them, at any time they wish, to melt the polar ice cap and inundate the coastal cities of America and Europe. We have already successfully tested a bomb that is 1,000 times more powerful than the one that incinerated 230.000 people at Hiroshima. When we talk about experimenting with yet larger bombs, therefore, we are not talking about military security but about pulverization and an assault upon the planet itself.

3) For the first time in our history we are preparing for a war we have said we cannot win. For if the war should start, then, as the President and Soviet leaders have directly acknowledged, extermination is inevitable. Our entire military program, therefore, can have only one objective: to prevent a major war from starting.

OUR best chance of keeping such a war from starting is by maintaining a position of real leadership in the world. For so long as the majority of the world's peoples have confidence in our purposes and believe our policies are consistent with world welfare, we have the kind of strength that cannot easily be pierced.

The struggle in the world today exists on two levels—one for military superiority, the other for leadership of the majority. No one can say what military superiority consists of or how it can be maintained. But our position with respect to the majority is visible and measurable. And today we are on shaky ground so far as the majority is concerned. On the question of testing, the world feels it has a right to expect a real measure of leadership from the United States. It understands that there are two parts to the problem—what we do and what the Russians do—but it does not feel that we have scored any great triumphs of moral imagination in our own approach to the problem.

We have allowed the Russians to become the great American alibi. We have allowed them to serve as our excuse for not doing the things that plainly have to be done. If, for example, there is a moral issue involved in testing, then we ought to state it. If no nation has the right to undertake defense measures at the expense of other peoples—and nuclear explosions rob other people's air of its purity—then we have the obligation to state it.

It is not true that America is helpless in the present situation. There is no reason why we should not come before the world and say:

"We have two central objectives in our policy—peace for all the world's peoples under law, and the establishment of those conditions under which the individual human being wherever he is may grow and advance in freedom.

"We do not believe that an atomic armaments race is consistent with the requirements of either of these objectives. The nature of these new weapons is such that we would rather die ourselves than use them against human beings.

"So far as nuclear experimentation is concerned, there is a vital doubt about the ability of human tissue to sustain continued exposure to the radioactive substances released by these explosions. No nation has the right to take measures that affect the purity of another nation's air, water, and soil. Because of both these facts we are suspending our own tests and we are absolutely certain that world public opinion will compel all other nations to do likewise.

"The peace of the world will not automatically be assured the moment the nuclear tests are halted. But at least it helps to create a stage for the next big move, which is to go beyond a cessation of testing into reduction and control of all weapons adapted to mass destruction. And the biggest move of all is to create the conditions under which it is possible to deal with the basic causes of war. For the aim can only be a world liberated from the present anarchy."

If we would discover our greatest strength, we shall have to look in the direction of a unifying idea. People have heard enough about their capacity to rend this universe. What they are hungry for now is a way to keep this planet and man himself whole.

—N. C.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Notes in a Passport

THE OPEN ROAD: We have always been very respectful of immigration and naturalization officials, not to mention the customs officers. We have lived under the notion that the foreign police people who scrutinize passports, who look in your eye to see if the face in front of them is the face in the passport, somehow keep a record of who is going in and who is going out of countries. We have supposed that perhaps there is a black list, and also a secret way of determining the authenticity of passports. In the course of a recent excursion in which we flew the sea, we found ourselves being examined in the usual way by the Portuguese in Lisbon, by the Spaniards in Barcelona, by the French in Nice, by the Italians in Rome, by the Swiss in Zurich. All this way we had traveled by air, covering the coastal towns in Pan-American DC-7Cs and the inland excursion by Swissair. But from there we changed to a car and traversing an Alp or two, crossed the border from Switzerland into France. The Swiss looked at the carnet for the car but they neither bothered with the passports of the four occupants nor the baggage that was stowed in the trunk. Rolling across the small no-man's-land between border stations we paused on the French side, asked road directions of the officers and were waved on without a look at a carnet, a glimpse at the passport, or a poke in the baggage. Two days later, when leaving the French Savoie for Geneva, it was the same situation in reverse. And now we do not quite understand why a searching look and an official stamp and a poke in the suitcase is necessary at an airport but not necessary on a highway. If we were a smuggler or an illegal traveler we would take to the roads anytime and leave the airports to whatever bumbling unprofessional lawbreakers might inhabit them.

NORWAY is still requiring tourists to list all their cash and travelers' checks in a form when arriving at Oslo airport. Worse yet, the figure is blandly put into one's passport, which then has to be surrendered at one's hotel, and it becomes any concierge's or bellhop's business just how much money you have on you, not only in Norway but in other countries that follow on the itinerary.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU: We are distracted to see the system of airport departure taxes spreading all over Europe. A charge for arrival or departure has long been a Caribbean custom (and an annoyance). As a journalist friend of ours once wrote about Bermuda: "There is a head tax of $2.80 when leaving. If you have a head you pay it." Leaving Rome for Zurich the other week we were clipped for 600 lire for the privilege of leaving Italy. We like Italy and we never really like to leave it. We like to leave it less, now that one has to pay for the privilege. As usual, we had spent all our lire and the best we could do with the clerk at the desk was tender a dollar bill. "That's just right," he said. "Oh, no it isn't," we replied. "The official rate for the dollar is 625 lire." The airline (Swissair) clerk grew indignant. "Our instructions are to accept the dollar only at 600," he answered and, as it turned out, if we wanted to board the plane we could take it or leave it. We paid, and although we realize twenty-five lire is about four cents, we departed less happy with Swissair and less happy with whatever branch of Italian officialdom imposes a departure tax of 600 lire for the privilege of flying from Rome to Zurich.

DITTO: Departing from Paris to New York the French soaked us 1,500 francs to get out of there and we are here to say we think that is a crashing outrage.

SCOOP: Landing at Rome with a troupe of correspondents rounded up by Pan American we were taken, under the auspices of that airline, to a private audience with the Pope. Shepherded through the halls of the Vatican at a merry clip because His Holiness was apparently early, we were ushered past assorted Swiss guards, papal attendants dressed in red breeches, and swept into a small room. While we were hurriedly arranged in a loose semicircle a courtier remembered at the last minute to adjust the draperies to allow the light to fall in. Without further ado His Holiness marched into the room at a smart pace, and letting the light from the window fall over his shoulder read what to us was in many ways a sprightly address. It went like this:

> Gentlemen of the Press and of the skies. An unexpected visit, but a very welcome one. It is interesting to observe that the spirit of

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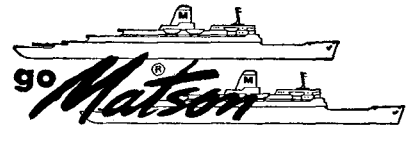

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But your profession, gentlemen of the press, holds you very close to this earth with its restless, often enough bewildered, blinded masses and the day-by-day uncertain promises and hopes and menaces. More than once we have had occasion to address the press; but today we may be very brief. You understand the grave responsibility resting on you. Be conscious of it when you write. You have your ethical principles worthy of a noble art, yet you will agree there is an evil press abroad that scorns those norms. Bring the weight of your honorable loyalty and fearless example to thwart the harm it can do. Calumny and scandal, how quick-footed they are! A whisper, harmless perhaps though unwarranted, is blown up to a one-inch headline, and what havoc it can wreak in family life, in the lives of individuals and nations! A scoop is not worth the deep sense of shame that should come to one guilty of such conduct.

Yours is not an easy task, and precisely because the genuine service you can offer to society is invaluable. One may well shudder at the flood of error and false moral standards let loose by the communication arts today. We pray that God may strengthen you in your resolute purpose to live up to your lofty vocation; so that, always alert to your obligations to the thousands and millions of people who may be affected by what you write, you may give them at all times nothing but the truth, as far as your serious research can ascertain it. Our blessing and best wishes follow you.

Although the Pope's English pronunciation is not too easy to understand, his poetic salutation and his use of such terms as "scoop" and "blown up into a one-inch headline" startled the newsmen into rapt attention. He walked in among us then and said, "Greetings to all, greetings to families at home and to children." Then noticing rosaries that had been bought by some members to carry home to Catholic friends, he asked, "Bless?" They nodded and he blessed the beads, then still uttering greetings he turned to leave. An afterthought struck him midway to the door and he turned and said, "Would you like a picture?" "Yes," we said. A photographer in black tailcoat, stiff white shirt, and black breeches appeared, knelt, and then posed us. He popped one flashbulb with his Speed-Graphic and then said, "One more, please." "Ah," said Eugenio Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, leader of the world's 472 million Catholics, "they always ask for one more."

AS MAY DEPARTED from Manhattan in a flurry of September weather, two new ships arrived. The first, the *Matsonia*, would carry travelers westward over the Pacific. The second, the *Gripsholm*, bearer of a famous Swedish name, would carry passengers over the Atlantic to Gothenburg. While both had regular routes to travel, both also had some fancy cruises in the offing. The *Matsonia*, a ship of simple decor with low-key Polynesian trimmings, headed for its Pacific base by way of Nassau, Port-au-Prince, Cartagena, the Panama Canal, Acapulco, and Los Angeles. Thereafter it would ply back and forth to Honolulu, relieving the *Lurline*, which diverts from its regular California-Hawaii shuttle for a cruise to the Orient. Passage starts at $1,600, or you can have the best room in the house for $9,000, including all you can eat.

While not daring, the new *Gripsholm* was a masterpiece of restrained Swedish design. Still, there were surprises to delight an appreciative eye—unusual lamps hung above the writing desks; the Ericophone, all in one light piece with the dial on the bottom; a promenade deck that features an enclosed walk and an open one. Best of all, everyone of its 193 cabins in tourist class have toilet and either shower or bathtub. The whole ship is air-conditioned.

After summer runs from the foot of West 57th St. in Manhattan to the docks in West Sweden the *Gripsholm* will take off on two major excursions. One, departing February 15, will make a fifty-five-day circle tour of South America. The second, and to our mind the more romantic, departs January 6 eastward to Funchal, Casablanca, then slipping down the West Coast of Africa to Tenerife; she will put into Dakar and Conakry in French Guinea, then across the South Atlantic to Rio, up to Bahia, Barbados, St. Thomas, and home. All that takes thirty-seven days and at least $975.

NO SALE: It was presumably at one dismal, waterfront city visited by a cruise ship that a male passenger found himself being accosted by a local urchin who offered to introduce him to his sister. "Your sister?" the tourist repeated incredulously. "Great Scott, man, I don't even drink your water." —HORACE SUTTON.

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JAMES JOYCE

Woe, Gaiety, and Love of a Genius

—Berenice Abbott.

"Letters of James Joyce," edited by Stuart Gilbert *(Viking. 437 pp. $7.50), is a collection of heretofore unpublished material from the pen of the trail-blazing Irish writer. Professor David Daiches of Cambridge University reviews it below.*

By David Daiches

EARLY in October 1904 the impecunious James Joyce, then twenty-two years old and about to leave his native Dublin for a permanent exile on the Continent, wrote desperately to his friend George Roberts: "For God's sake give me that 10/— to bearer or meet me at North Wall boat at 9 o'clock." In October 1940 he wrote from St. Gérand-le-Puy, near Vichy, to Paul Ruggiero: "Voila 5 semaines que j'ai demandé par le consulat à Lyon l'entrée a Zurich. Hier Mme. Giedion écrit qu'il ne sera pas facile de l'avoir. Pourquoi? . . . On doit me connaitre à Zurich, nom de nom!" He had to get to Switzerland from Vichy, France, because in France after the German occupation it was impossible for him to receive his American or British royalties, and he would starve. His literary life began and ended in crisis. The last letter in Stuart Gilbert's collection is a note in German to the Mayor of Zurich thanking the Mayor for his assistance in obtaining permission for him to reside there. That was written on December 20, 1940; on January 13, 1941, Joyce died in Zurich of a perforated ulcer.

It had been a strenuous and dedicated life, a life devoted entirely to his art—and to his family. One tends to think of Joyce as the austere man of letters who renounced all personal ties in the pursuit of his art; but these letters reveal his intense affection for his wife and children, and the humorous, patient, tender, loving letters he wrote to his unhappy daughter Lucia both before and after her mental illness developed, and the bright, intimate, affectionate letters he wrote to his son Giorgio and Giorgio's wife Helen, are intensely moving in their deliberate gaiety and kindness often in the midst of ill health, physical pain, and financial woes.

Running like a scarlet thread throughout these letters is the problem faced by an experimental and "advanced" writer in getting his work published. It began with his very first work, the collection of short stories entitled "Dubliners." Month after month, year after year, he was put off, played with, teased, bullied, urged to eliminate this or modify that; but he held his ground and bided his time, and in the end he was vindicated. In 1909 he signed a contract for the publication of "Dubliners" with the Dublin publishers Maunsel & Co. In 1912, after years of futile correspondence, the printers broke up the type. The book was first printed in 1914 by Grant Richards in London, and Joyce's patient but firm letters to that publisher are models of their kind—courteous, assured, solidly grounded in the knowledge of what he was doing and how and why he was doing it. The story of the publication of "Ulysses," and of Joyce's ultimate vindication by Judge Woolsey's decision in December 1933, can be traced throughout these letters in painful detail. Joyce never lost faith in himself, but he was often irritated, depressed, outraged, hurt.

The first letter in this collection is a translation of a communication in Norwegian written by the nineteen-year-old Joyce to the Scandinavian master; he had taught himself the language in order to be able to send Ibsen his greetings and homage. It begins: "Honoured Sir: I write to give you greeting on your seventy-third birthday and to join my voice to those of your well-wishers in all lands." And it concludes: "As one of the young generation for whom you have spoken I give you greeting—not humbly, because I am obscure and you in the glare, not sadly, because you are an old man and I am a young man, not presumptuously nor sentimentally—but joyfully, with hope and with love, I give you greeting."

Another theme that runs through these letters is Joyce's persistent trouble with his eyes. There is never any touch of self-pity in the numerous references to his eye troubles. "I got back from Zurich ten days ago and luckily operation No. 11 (world's amateur championship) has been staved off till the autumn." This is a reference to the eleventh painful and speculative operation on his eyes, each one followed by periods of near-blindness. Joyce could never be certain that any one of them would be successful; some of the early ones, it became clear later, did more harm than good. But this writer who was obsessed with the word, committed to the handling of language in a new, detailed, specific, intensely individual manner, would work on in semi-darkness, correcting proofs, changing letters and words and phrases, adding qualifying clauses, modifying or altering his original expressions, in his almost obsessive endeavor to sound the right note, to set going the proper cluster of associations. It is a singular record of devotion to art.

A CURIOUS vein of humor runs through the letters. In August 1936 he wrote a charmingly humorous letter to his grandson, the story of the cat of Beaugency, with this postscript: "The devil mostly speaks a language of his own called Bellsybabble which he makes up himself as he goes along but when he is very angry he can speak quite bad French very well though some who have heard him say that he has a strong Dublin accent."

Joyce was extraordinarily loyal to his friends. The story of his devoted attempts to advance the career of the Irish tenor John Sullivan, whom he believed to be the greatest singer who ever lived, shows how much of his precious time and energy he could expend to help someone in whom he believed. This emerges in the letters with a poignant clarity. So also does his courtesy and his gratitude towards those relatively few critics who spoke favorably of him while his work was still execrated by most public spokesmen of literature.

Joyce genuinely distrusted his own critical faculties. "Unfortunately, I have very little imagination," he wrote to Ezra Pound in 1917. "I am also a very bad critic." And again, to his benefactress Harriet Shaw Weaver (the recipient of the majority of the letters here printed), he wrote in

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1918: "I fear I have little imagination." In music, he preferred old-fashioned sentimental opera with a strong melodic line, and there is no evidence that he appreciated any other kind of music than the kind of song that could be sung with emotional fervor by an Irish tenor. His taste was operatic, however, and he had little use for sentimental Irish ballads with no dramatic context.

These letters throw continuous light on Joyce's intentions in writing "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake," and the numerous explanatory remarks he throws out to his correspondents on both these books are of the first importance to the critic of Joyce's work. One also finds some surprising judgments. "Also it would perhaps be well to send a copy [of "Ulysses"] to Professor George Saintsbury. I am old-fashioned enough to admire him though he may not return the compliment." The requests for detailed information about Dublin life and characters which he writes to his Aunt Josephine in Dublin throw a most vivid light on his attitude to the material he employed in both "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake."

The most moving item in this correspondence is a telegram to Dr. Kenneth Reddin in Dublin, dated December 27, 1931. "My father dangerously ill Drumconda Hospital. Diagnosis uncertain. Will you please arrange he gets best medical specialists. All expenses my charge." Joyce had no money to spare at this time. And to T. S. Eliot shortly afterwards he wrote of his father: "To my great grief he died on Tuesday. He had an intense love for me and it adds anew to my grief and remorse that I did not go to Dublin to see him for so many years. I kept him constantly under the illusion that I would come and was always in correspondence with him but an instinct which I believed in held me back from going, much as I longed too."

Stuart Gilbert contributes an informative introduction and chronological summary. But surely he gives up too easily in the face of Joyce's handwriting, often omitting words as simply "illegible." But in Joyce's letter to Giorgio and Helen Joyce of November 28, 1934, Gilbert transcribes a parody of "Goodbye Dolly Gray" as: "Goodbye, Zurich, I must leave you / Though it breaks my head to [illegible] / Something tells me I am needed / In Paree to hump the beds." But he also reproduces a facsimile of this letter in Joyce's handwriting, from which it is perfectly clear that what Joyce wrote was: "Goodbye, Zurich, I must leave you Though it breaks my heart to shreds." The word "shreds" is not illegible at all.

William Shakespeare.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

St. Thomas Aquinas.

Joyce and His Critics

"Joyce and Aquinas," by William T. Noon, S. J. *(Yale University Press. 167 pp. $3.75) and* ***"Joyce and Shakespeare," by William E. Schutte*** *(Yale University Press. 197 pp. $4) are monographs on the sources of the Dubliner's writing. Below, Mary M. Colum, herself a Dubliner and long a student of Joyce's work, has her say on the type of scholarly criticism the books represent.*

By Mary M. Colum

A COUPLE of weeks ago two notes of James Joyce's, scrawled in pencil, asking for a loan, or maybe a gift, of a pound and of ten shillings, were sold in London for forty-five pounds—thirty times the amount that Joyce desperately, and I suspect, unavailingly, tried to get from a Dublin publisher. He had already written "Dubliners," but the publisher became too frightened to bring out the book, as did the London publisher.

In the spate of books on Joyce's later work "Ulysses," a reader very rarely comes on the names of two women, Sylvia Beach and Harriet Weaver, who, in Joyce's opinion, did most for him as a writer—Miss Beach of the Shakespeare Book Shop in Paris by publishing "Ulysses" and Miss Weaver by endowing him with a large sum of money—and let me say that Joyce was well able to use any money that came his way. To Miss Beach and Miss Weaver must be added Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap who first published portions of "Ulysses" in this country in their *Little Review* and were put on trial for doing so. To get publication was the most necessary thing for Joyce, and these understanding women got that done. It is too seldom noticed that in intellectual matters women do not get due credit in this country, and for that reason I feel bound to set down these names again—Sylvia Beach, Harriet Weaver, Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap.

In the two latest books on Joyce, "Joyce and Aquinas" and "Joyce and Shakespeare," we have evidence of the eagerness of private foundations to underwrite what almost resourceless people have won approval for. Both of these books are published by the Yale University Press, both on a subvention of the Philip Hamilton Macmillan Foundation; the author of the Aquinas study had also a grant from Canisius College where he is a professor; the author of the Shakespeare study has had, he informs us, several generous grants from special funds available from the Carnegie Institute of Technology and from another fund. This reviewer, familiar with the difficulties of authors in many countries, is perplexed by the consideration shown to professors who, anyhow, have settled incomes as against the neglect of the authors they comment on.

Professor Wiliam E. Schutte, the author of "Joyce and Shakespeare," seems to be convinced that professors are the only proper critics. "If the professors," he writes, "have been guilty of inanities from time to time, less carefully trained critics have been guilty of more . . . they have been outnumbered from the first by the semi-professionals and the amateurs." Doesn't this convey that the professors are carefully trained critics? The

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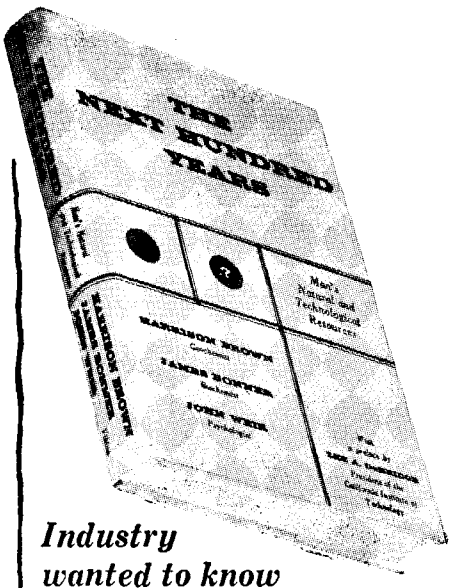
present reviewer as an ex-professor is perfectly certain from experience that professors are very seldom trained critics and that there are amongst them some who have never understood literature as an art at all, regarding it purely as a branch of pedagogy. "Dubliners," Mr. Schutte complains, "have a touch of pique at the brashness of the Americans who presume to take over a native Dublin product which, of course, only true Dubliners can really understand." This reviewer, originally a Dubliner educated exactly as Joyce was, is convinced that Professor Schutte is wrong. What Dubliners and other Irish persons actually object to is the alienness and misconceptions shown by several commentators; the bulk of them do not understand the complex history of the country and the odds and ends of Irish knowledge and experience which gave James Joyce so much of his personality and material. Even a cursory knowledge of relatively recent Irish history would have saved one of the ablest of them from confusing James Stephens the political leader with James Stephens the writer, Joyce's contemporary and friend.

The author of "Joyce and Shakespeare" speaks of "leg-pulling" as habitual with Joyce. I think one would have to know Joyce personally to know when it occurred and how to place it. He is hopelessly wrong when he states that "one can almost hear Joyce chuckle as he casually tossed out a hint that Victor Bérard's 'The Phoenicians and the Odyssey' might be interesting to investigate." Joyce neither chuckled nor was casual when he talked about Victor Bérard; he was deeply impressed by his revelations as to the origin of the Odyssey, and when this scholar died he made a point of attending his funeral, and he thought of his death as a great loss. Indeed, when he wanted to pay an intimate friend an unusual compliment he presented him or her with a copy of Bérard's translation of the Odyssey: I have such a presentation at my elbow.

In "Ulysses," the scene in the library is one of the most brilliant in literature and can take its place beside a Platonic discussion. The author of "Joyce and Shakespeare" does a useful service in showing us the material that Joyce worked up so brilliantly—Sidney Lee, George Brandes, Frank Harris, and the various plays. As all Joyceans know, Aquinas and Shakespeare are brought together in this discussion. For the writer of "Joyce and Shakespeare" it is just a discussion on Hamlet with a portrayal of certain characters in the Dublin of that time. It has no implications. For Stephen Daedalus, he tells us, it does nothing; it fails to secure his immediate end, which is to get John Eglinton to publish the Shakespeare theory in his little magazine *Dana*. Turn from this to Professor Noon's account of the scene in "Joyce and Aquinas": there we are shown how it reinforces the underlying idea of "Ulysses," Joyce's exploration of the idea of paternity. It is involved in the theology of Aquinas, Arius, Sabellius: Professor Noon, a Jesuit priest, pins Joyce down as a Sabellian rather than an Aquinian. The present reviewer is not sufficiently learned in theology to differentiate in this matter. To the non-theologian Joyce would have seemed a one hundred per cent Aquinian. Professor Noon comments on the fact that none of Aquinas's works was found in the collection of Joyce's books, the so-called Joyce Paris library, now in the Lockwood Memorial Library in the University of Buffalo. This forces the present reviewer to make a confession. The day before my husband and I left Paris in 1938, Joyce gave me the Aquinas volume he commonly used. As we expected to return soon I left some books and furniture in charge of the concierge of the apartment house in Paris, but as the war intervened we did not get back for years, and I never recovered any of the books or the furniture. The only other Aquinas book Joyce gave me—it was some years before—was a volume of lectures or papers from the Summer School of Catholic Studies in Cambridge, England.

Professor Noon's "Joyce and Aquinas" is a carefully written and accomplished work, very distinguishable from the bulk of the books written about Joyce. It naturally deals only with a part of his mind, but it is a key to that part. It is a very broadminded and tolerant study and not in the least squeamish about the sexual elements in "Ulysses."

I feel that something else remains to be said. Valuable and necessary as scholarship is in a literary critic, a scholar and critic are not the same, have not the same motivation and the same office; the primary thing in estimating a writer is to have a sense of literature. The present reviewer is disturbed by the inroads of very small points of scholarship into literary criticism.



Industry wanted to know its chances for survival:

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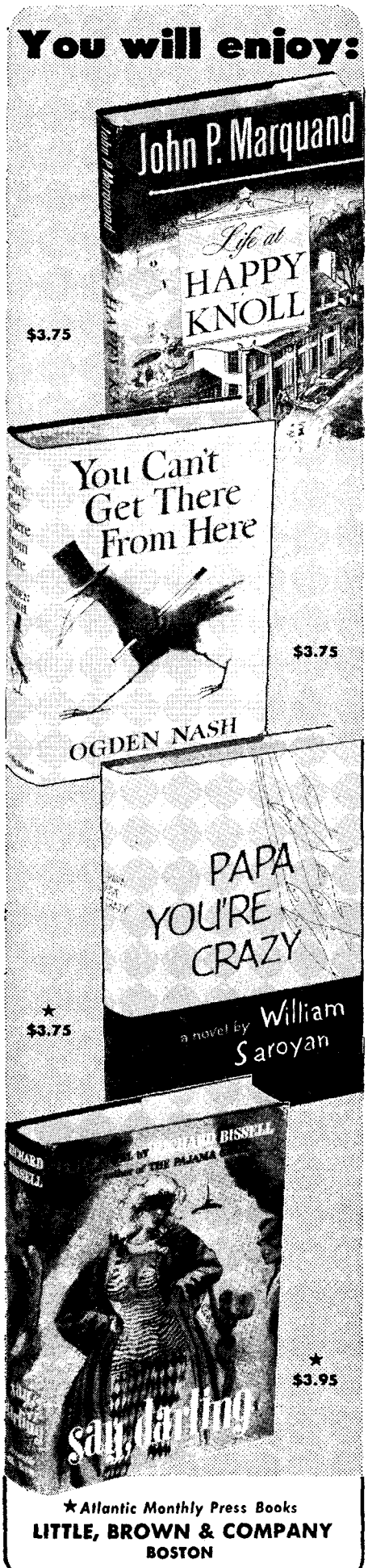

FINE ARTS

A Creative Critic

"Modern Art and the New Past," by James Thrall Soby *(University of Oklahoma Press. 216 pp. $3.75), is a collection of critical essays, all of which were originally published in this magazine. It is reviewed by S. Lane Faison, Jr., chairman of the art department of Williams College.*

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

HAVING read many of the essays in James Thrall Soby's new volume "Modern Art and the New Past" as they appeared in *SR*, I felt sure this ought to be a good book. Yet occasional pieces often dim with time, and more often than not they are better left unresurrected. These, on the contrary, read better than ever. In their cumulative effect they comprise a portrait of Mr. Soby as one of the keenest intelligences in art criticism today. Unlike many other champions of modern art, he is exquisitely versed in the art of the past; and unlike many champions of the past, he is blinded neither by erudition nor nostalgia against the values of contemporary society. For him, art is of one piece and artists provide continuity in a changing world.

The title is well chosen, and the phrase, "new past," is most apt. It is not too much to say that Mr. Soby makes the past new by his own fresh insight, as when he finds in the rose horse of Delacroix's "La Justice de Trajan" an early signpost for the modern artist's "liberating use of arbitrary color." Nor is it strange that one of the most discerning connoisseurs of the older generation, Professor Paul J. Sachs of Harvard University, was moved to write an introduction warm in praise, even comparing Soby to Bernard Berenson despite the latter's implacable hatred of modern art. Both are humanists, both are original thinkers, both have a gift for clear expression in a personal style.

In a superb essay on Matisse, Mr. Soby recalls how his interest started with seeing a few examples in Hartford some thirty years ago, how it was whetted by the purchase of three originals soon afterward, and—with characteristic modesty—how it waned, only to be brought back sharply many years later by the discovery that he had plunged when Matisse was artistically coasting and so the estimate had to be made all over again. I have it on very good authority that Mr. Soby's interest in art began when he bought a reproduction, from an itinerant salesman, of a Maxfield Parrish, replete with fair maiden, heavenly blue sky and jars neatly balanced. When this prize began to pall, Mr. Soby began to worry. Somewhere in these pages, he remarks that "what counts among painters is the ability to make creative, rather than exact use, of a given source, and art's line of succession is far less likely to be assured by a *pompier's* first-hand sketches than by a postcard in the hands of a man of great talent." These words refer to the influence of Grünewald on Picasso, but I propose to turn them into a compliment to Mr. Soby himself.

In a special section called Polemics, Mr. Soby exquisitely dissects, one by one, the attacks on modern art by Thomas Benton and Congressman Dondero, and the tactics of *Life* in a seemingly sophisticated deflation of Picasso. That was ten years ago, and it is possible that between Soby's essay and a notable improvement in the art policies of the Luce publications there is a relation of cause and effect.

My own disagreements with the contents of these pages are minor and are merely matters of taste. Soby's real enthusiasms, after Picasso, are for de Chirico, Ernst, Balthus, Blume, Hopper, MacIver, Levine, and Rivers, among others whose imagination is grounded in careful description fortified by painstaking craftsmanship. I share some of these enthusiasms, notably de Chirico and MacIver, and freely acknowledge that it was Soby who first communicated them to me. Furthermore, I will belatedly admit that I have been very wrong about Hopper, and that it is Soby again who has convinced me (though I still find him disconcertingly uneven). My greater enthusiasms are for the most part merely listed in the final essay: Ferber, Tomlin, Motherwell (among others); or very briefly considered: de Kooning and Pollock.

Since Soby is perhaps the most fair-minded critic writing in America today, these reservations must seem gratuitous. Mr. Soby's taste may be catholic, but it is certainly not promiscuous.

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—*From the book.*

"Hawthorn" Jar, K'ang Hsi Period.

Tradesman in Art

"The Rise of the House of Duveen," by James Henry Duveen *(Knopf. 293 pp. $5), is the story of Joel Duveen, who built the firm that has achieved worldwide fame in the art world and was father of Joseph Duveen, the dealer celebrated by S. N. Behrman in a recent biography. Thomas B. Hess of the editorial staff of the* Art News *is our reviewer.*

By Thomas B. Hess

LET'S assume for a moment that a work of art is a vessel that receives passionate love from the spectator. Where does this leave the middleman, the retailer, the art-dealer who pours his love into the vessel, buys it from some decayed and unsuspecting nobleman, then turns about and sells it to a collector for a 500 per cent profit?

The dealer in modern art who buys (or, if he works in America, accepts on consignment) from living artists is a special, quasi-saintly case. He fills with love vessels that society rejects, sacrificing an often acute business acumen to enter a field that over its entrance-portal has engraved the words: "Abandon All Hope of Making $10,000,000 Quickly, Ye Who Enter Here." But the dealer in old, socially acceptable objects is working as much with fashion as with the masters; with money as with love; with his raw talents (which he calls "An Eye") as with the possibility of their expression outside of a marketplace that, by now, has been revealed to be, in innumerable court trials, memoirs, exposés, plays- and novels-à-clef, perhaps the most squalid place that middle-class capitalism has developed for its leisure amusements.

"The Rise of the House of Duveen," written by James Henry Duveen with charm and humanity, is an interesting document on the question. The hero of the narrative, Joel Duveen, father of Joe Duveen (who has sat in some posthumous sunshine recently, thanks to S. N. Behrman's glowing and best-selling biography), says in a sad, valetudinarian reminiscence to the author (his nephew James—here every Tom, Dick and Mary is a Duveen—the genealogical table is essential), that he, Joel, could have "become the Pierpont Morgan of the world's produce-market instead of the head of what is, after all, only a retail business." The clue word is "only." All those Beauvais tapestries and Nankin jars, Rembrandts and chairs and ormolu mountings, into which the dealer poured his love, were exhibited, as soon as possible, like slave girls, to lascivious millionaires. He has to talk them up, explain them in terms of pseudo-love, display them in flattering lights—as if he was a monster and as if they were mute . . .

"Only" a retailer . . .

When love enters the situation, does the retailer become a pimp, if only to himself?

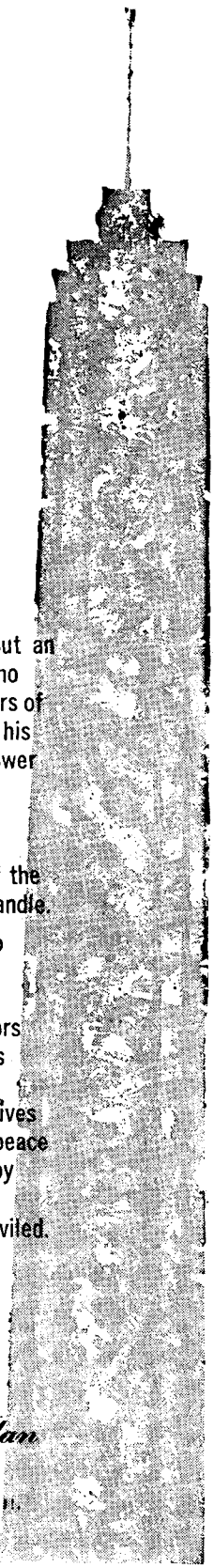
James Duveen was a dealer in objects of art, furniture and decorations, Oriental ceramics. His memoirs and history of his uncle derive poignancy from the question. He has the usual adventures to tell, some of them better than the usual: there is a night drive behind Naples with a cutthroat to examine a collection of objects which the local inhabitants still cheerfully refer to as *porta-fortune*, and which the author assures us are not pornographic because they are beautiful; it culminates in the exposure of a fraud (the exposure is secret and who knows who later got stuck with these Graeco-Roman fallacies); a set of Gobelins are discovered under some cheap chintz in Liverpool; a big sale is lost in a war of rumors. There is a villain, Joe Duveen, who keeps trying and usually succeeding in ruining the author. There is a wry happy ending as millions in valuta—mostly dollars—pour into the Duveen accounts, mostly Joe's. But father Joel got the band up, as nephew James eloquently proves.

The author's sensibility, his own dim identity as an artist, which he has had to force into unnamable parts of the mind, insists on the very special question: no matter how specialized it may be, can love be for sale?

People are arguing about

FROM THE DARK TOWER

by ERNST PAWEL



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General McClellan at Williamsburg—"soldier of superior . . . ability."

General with "The Slows"

"General George B. McClellan: Shield of the Union," by Warren W. Hassler, Jr. *(Louisiana State University Press. 350 pp. $6), is a study of the controversial Civil War hero's command of the Union troops. It is reviewed by James W. Livingood, co-author of a recent biography of General Joseph E. Johnson.*

By James W. Livingood

OUT OF the panic that followed the battle of Bull Run zoomed the meteoric star of George B. McClellan. Although his campaign in the mountains of western Virginia was trivial in reality, it provided the only dispatches to thrill the North in the early days of the war, and in late July 1861 it catapulted the general into the role of a national hero. "By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land . . ." the thirty-five year old soldier wrote his wife only a day after reporting at the Capital. The melodrama which beclouded much of the tragic nature of the war spun dizzily about his head as men "courted and caressed" the man who was now popularly called the "Young Napoleon."

Like all his contemporaries in blue and gray, McClellan had no experience in handling large fighting forces and it took him time to adjust to the thinking required by such dimensions. All branches of the service were unprepared to embark on the first of modern wars but the United States was committed to fight an offensive struggle. Politically Lincoln was no better off than McClellan. No precedent was known for coping with the type of public pressure which a maturing democracy produced. Within his own still undisciplined minority party were men who were willing to play politics with war itself. Moreover, there was no understanding that civilian adminstrators leave strategic matters to the military or for military men to refrain from political pronouncements.

Warren W. Hassler, Jr., devotes all his new book "George B. McClellan: Shield of the Union" to the brief period when McClellan commanded Union troops. Magnificently the General worked from saddle and office chair to reorganize the Army of the Potomac. Doggedly he adjusted himself to changes of authority which saw him promoted to general-in-chief and reduced to virtually no command. Under the pressure of his terrifying task he faced the Army of Johnston at Seven Pines and the men of Lee at Seven Days and Antietam, but by early November 1862 his military career was over. Lee later said McClellan was the best to oppose him but Lincoln was sure he had a case of the "slows."

Historians generally have been very critical of McClellan and Professor Hassler has undertaken to rehabilitate him. He finds the General a splendid organizer and a soldier "of superior strategic and tactical ability." Although cautious before the foe, the Young Napoleon never hesitated to give advice to his superiors or to ask for what he wanted. Few commanders ever wrote as did McClellan to the Secretary of War when he complained from Savage's Station: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington."

Secretary Stanton remained silent on receipt of this letter but Hassler believes in the end that it was "political enmity" which was largely McClellan's undoing. He was a Democrat with conservative views on slavery and the conduct of the war. Radicals like Stanton and Chase turned frigid toward him after his appointment.

Mr. Hassler has done thorough and extensive research for his study, drawing conclusions from specific events and supporting them by the findings of other writers. His presentation will certainly be discussed whenever two Civil War buffs meet, but he has not settled the McClellan controversy. Certain of his contentions are highly questionable, such as his statement that McClellan had thwarted Johnston's plans at Seven Pines when the Confederates themselves certainly did that. Most wanted is a psychological analysis, for McClellan's self-confidence had a strange vein of uncertainty and he was not subtle enough to fathom Lincoln and his intentions, Pinkerton and his legions of phantom graycoats, or himself in a role in which he was not and could not be a free agent.

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Daredevil Tar

"Lincoln's Commando," by Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren *(Harper. 310 pp. $4.50), is the first book-length biography of Commander W. B. Cushing, U.S.N., a courageous and colorful Civil War sailor. Richard S. West, Jr., our reviewer, wrote a biography of Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy.*

By Richard S. West, Jr.

AT AGE three, sporting his father's high top hat, he walked off the deep end of a pier. When pulled from the water he considered his own rescue less important than the safety of the hat. At four, equipped with hammer, nails, and horseshoes, he secretly let himself into a stall to play blacksmith to an unbroken colt. The animal's kick sent the youngster flying across the floor of the barn minus his front teeth. Neither of these experiences developed in the child the slightest degree of either fear or prudence. On water, on land, or on both he was as if predestined to make his mark as a daredevil. Ralph J. Roske and Charles Van Doren in "Lincoln's Commando," the first full-length biography of William Barker Cushing, note that their hero's courage amounted to a kind of disease.

In his final year at Annapolis, owing to a feud with his Spanish professor, he was cast out of the service. The thoughtless, harebrained eighteen-year-old, now all seriousness and earnest purpose, presented himself before Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles. The fighting having just broken out at Fort Sumter, Mr. Welles gave him a commission as acting master's mate and assigned him to the U.S.S. *Minnesota*, flagship of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron. "Wherever there is fighting," Will Cushing exulted in a letter to a relative, "there will we be, and where there is danger in the battle, *there will I be*, for I will gain a name in this war."

Throughout the war Cushing served in the sounds and estuarial rivers of Virginia and North Carolina, and witnessed most of the important events in that relatively lively sector of the blockade coast; the Hatteras Inlet Expedition; the Monitor-Merrimack battle, the destruction of the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle*, reconnaissances in the Cape Fear River, and the Fort Fisher Campaign.

In daredevil "commando" raids against shore positions, Cushing soon became a specialist. He cooperated with General Butler in the Nansemond River. Along the coast he destroyed numerous Confederate salt works. He captured an earthwork in Little River, and led daring small boat reconnaissances up the Cape Fear River below Wilmington, North Carolina, in which he almost captured Confederate General Hébert at Smithville. Hiding his men in the swamps by day and paddling upstream by night he ascended to within a few miles of Wilmington, and seized a courier with the mail from Fort Fisher. His most famous exploit was ascending the Roanoke River in a steam launch and torpedoing the *Albemarle*.

The story of "Albemarle" Cushing is one of the finest hero tales of the war, and authors Rosko and Van Doren have done an excellent job of presenting it and recreating its setting. Even with copious quotations from Cushing's home letters, however, the narrative is somewhat thin when stretched to book length. Quite commendably the authors have elected to combine history with biography. "Lincoln's Commando" contains neat surveys of general problems of the

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

MOBY DICK. *By Herman Melville. Houghton Mifflin.* 75¢. The classic story of a relentless quest for the white behemoth, with an introduction by Alfred Kazin.

THE RED LILY. *By Anatole France. Lion.* 35¢. The story of Thérèse, queen of Paris's *haut monde*, who ruled both husband and lover with equal determination.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-MASTER. *By Edward Eggleston. Sagamore.* 95¢. This 1871 novel about an Indiana schoolmaster who struggles for the acceptance of a backwoods community has some of the flavor of "Tom Sawyer."

THE JOURNEY TO THE EAST. *By Hermann Hesse. Translated by Hilda Rosner. Noonday.* $1.25. A young man's unusual spiritual pilgrimage is the subject of this short novel by a Nobel Prize-winning German writer still relatively unknown in this country.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES. *By Jacob A. Riis. Sagamore.* $1.25. This ringing indictment of slum life, written in 1890 by a free-swinging journalist, is a classic social document.

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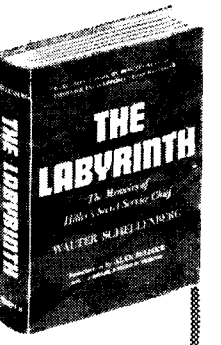

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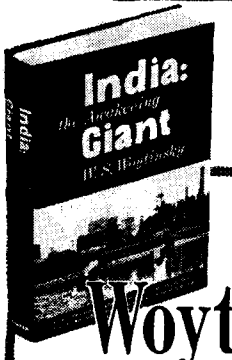

By W. S.
Woytinsky
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THE AWAKENING GIANT

As an economist of world-wide reputation, Mr. Woytinsky is eminently fitted for the job of making India comprehensible to American readers. His approach to economics, at once learned and unhampered by the vocabulary of the specialist, makes his study of the Indian Five Year Plans an adventure in economic interpretation. And his eye for human detail makes his portraits of India's leaders, his scenes from village and city life vital and revealing. "An excellent contribution in this field — a field so important that no grasp of the new India is really possible without it."—SANTHA RAMA RAU

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blockade and of specific problems at Cape Fear and in the North Carolina Sounds.

On the whole "Lincoln's Commando" is a moving, cleanly written, and deeply satisfying book.

DRAMA OF HAMPTON ROADS: The stories of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* touch not only the dramatic duel between the two vessels, but such interesting facets of the Civil War as the industrial potential of North and South, the ironclad building race which the Confederacy won by the narrow margin of one day, the Confederacy's near-successful effort to break the Federal blockade at Hampton Roads, the distraught Cabinet session on Black Sunday, March 9, 1862, the blowing up of the *Merrimac* when Norfolk was evacuated, and the sinking of the *Monitor* off Hatteras.

William Chapman White, the late columnist-foreign correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and his widow Ruth White have had the wit to sense the possibilities of such a subject and in **"Tin Can on a Shingle"** (Dutton, $3.50) they have put together an informative and thoroughly readable little book on the life and times of the *Monitor*.

In its end papers are diagrams of Ericsson's novel vessel, but happily these technical details penetrate no further. "Tin Can on a Shingle" concentrates on the human side of the story—of Confederate Stephen R. Mallory, a naval "secretary without a navy," who sensed the necessity of offsetting the power of the Federal fleet by converting the partially destroyed U.S. sloop *Merrimac* into the rebuilt C.S. ironclad *Virginia;* of the eccentric Swedish inventor Ericsson whom fate and friendship allowed to build his "tin can on a shingle" in 120 days; of the *Virginia-Merrimac's* historic rampage against the wooden blockaders at Hampton Roads—told graphically from the point of view of the men serving her guns; of the nervous fright of Secretary of War Stanton and other Cabinet members, and the extraordinary measures taken to defend Washington and the coast.

Despite a few technical slips the lay reader can read with pleasure a human story which attempts to assess impartially the heroism of both sides.

—R. S. W., Jr.

Good Mysteries for Summer

The Late Miss Trimming. By Carol Carnac. Crime Club. $2.95.
The Pub Crawler. By Maurice Procter. Harper. $2.95.
A Shadow in the Wild. By Whit Masterson. Dodd, Mead. $2.95.
Three for the Chair. By Rex Stout. Viking. $2.95.
Murder Makes Me Mad. By Ferguson Findley. Popular. 25¢.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Summer Poll

Continued from page 23

men and deeds. (Babcock, Beatty, Bradley, Cady, Cross, Hass, Herzberg, Hogan, Little, McManis, Molyneux, Nichols, Perkin)

NINE VOTES

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. *Edited by Stuart Gilbert. Viking.* $7.50.
The publication of these letters, sixteen years after the author's death, is an important literary event, helping to round out the portrait of Joyce as man and artist. Reviewed on page 31. (Beatty, Bradley, Cross, Kogan, Nichols, Nordell, Perkin, J. K. Sherman, Yeiser)

SEVEN VOTES

MIGHTY STONEWALL. *By Frank Vandiver. McGraw-Hill.* $6.
For the Civil War bookshelf, a sturdy biography of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, heroic leader of the Army of the Shenandoah. (Cady, de Morinni, Hutchens, McAdory, J. K. Sherman, Smith, Tinkle)

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE. *By Ogden Nash. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
This new collection of quotable verse by America's king of the ringing rhyme is delightfully illustrated by Maurice Sendak. (Barkham, Flowers, Hogan, Nordell, O'Neill, Perkin, Wyllie)

FOUR VOTES

THE INNOCENT AMBASSADORS. *By Philip Wylie. Rinehart.* $4.
A report on a round-the-world journey by the discoverer of Momism, with special emphasis upon America's need to wage a stronger battle in the war of the minds. (Bradley, Flowers, Kogan, Smith)

THREE VOTES

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS. *By Vance Packard. McKay.* $3.75.
An introduction to Madison Avenue's latest gambit, Motivational Research, which professes to explain why you buy what you buy. (de Morinni, Hass, Hogan)

JESTING APOSTLE. *By Stephen Winsten. Dutton.* $5.
George Bernard Shaw's neighbor and friend at Ayot St. Lawrence has painted an intimate and human portrait of the great dramatist. (Flowers, Herzberg, Kogan)

LIFE AT HAPPY KNOLL. *By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
Sketches about life at a suburban country club that may well amuse literate golfers. (Herzberg, Little, Tinkle)

THIS HILL, THIS VALLEY. *By Hal Borland. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
A prose ode to nature and a toast to life by a man who rediscovered living. (Hass, McAdory, Perkin)

TIDES OF CRISIS. *By A. A. Berle, Jr. Reynal.* $3.75.
An economic and political study of foreign relations delves into the complex problems of world leadership in the twentieth century. (de Morinni, Nordell, O'Neill)

TWO VOTES

THE DAY CHRIST DIED. *By Jim Bishop. Harper.* $4.
Jesus's final hours subjected to a "you-are-there" technique. (de Morinni, McManis)

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SEX. *By Robert Elliot Fitch. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.
A Congregational minister and theologian sets forth some provocative views on sex, with side-swipes at the American life that makes such goings-on possible. (Cady, Smith)

THE FINE ART OF READING. *By Lord David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.75.
Reflections on literature from Shakespeare to Conrad by a distinguished English biographer. (T. B. Sherman, Yeiser)

OPERATION SEA LION. *By Peter Fleming. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
An account of Hitler's proposed invasion of Britain and why the plan didn't succeed. (Babcock, Barkham)

POTTER ON AMERICA. *By Stephen Potter. Random House.* $3.
The "Gamesmanship" man makes some observations about life in these United States following a swinging visit through the country. (Hogan, Little)

RADIATION: What It Is and How It Affects You. *By Ralph E. Lapp and Jack Schubert. Viking.* $3.95.
Concise and understandable is this timely explanation of radiation and its effects. (O'Neill, Snajdr)

RASCALS IN PARADISE. *By James A. Michener and Grove Day. Random House.* $4.75.
A spicy ragout of high adventure tales all of which happened in the South Pacific. (J. K. Sherman, Tinkle)

THE TAXIS OF THE MARNE. *By Jean Dutourd. Translated by Harold King. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
The author of "A Dog's Head" turns to more serious thoughts in this discussion of France's decline from world power and prestige. (Nichols, O'Neill)

ONE VOTE

ALL ROME TREMBLED. *By Melton S. Davis. Putnam.* $4.
Italy, decadent and corrupt, exposed to the roots of its social structure following the discovery in 1953 of Wilma Montesi's body on a beach in Ostia. (Dolbier)

AS FRANCE GOES. *By David Schoenbrun. Harper.* $5.
A leading CBS commentator and journalist reports on what is going on inside France these days. (McAdory)

THE ASTONISHED MUSE. *By Reuel Denney. University of Chicago Press.* $5.
The primrose paths of American leisure examined by a social scientist who comes up with some interesting observations about mass entertainment. (Kogan)

BATTLE FOR THE MIND. *By William Sargant. Doubleday.* $4.50.
The common patterns followed by evangelists, psychiatrists, and brain-washers might well indicate hopeful news in treatment of the mentally ill, according to Dr. Sargant. (Snajdr)

BIG SUR AND THE ORANGES OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH. *By Henry Miller. New Directions.* $6.50.
The near side of Paradise to the well-traveled author of "The Tropic of Capricorn" is a lonesome corner of the California coast. (Yeiser)

BIOGRAPHY OF THE BULLS. *Edited by Rex Smith. Rinehart.* $7.95.
The tauromachian art in anthology with such well-known aficionados as Hemingway, Barnaby Conrad, and Blasco-Ibañez as contributors. (Tinkle)

CHARLIE. *By Ben Hecht. Harper.* $4.50.
Reviewed on page 18. (Babcock)

CLOSE TO COLETTE. *By Maurice Goudeket. Translated by Enid McLeod. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.
A discreet and distinguished recollection of thirty-five years of marriage to a formidable woman. (Barkham)

ARTHUR MILLER'S COLLECTED PLAYS. *Viking.* $4.95.
A long and lucid essay on his own dramatic technique accompanies the texts of five plays by one of America's leading dramatists. (Kogan)

THE COMMON ENGLISH READER. *By Richard D. Altick. University of Chicago Press.* $6.
The mass reading public of the nineteenth century analyzed and discussed in a valuable social history. (Herzberg)

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER. *By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.
This intellectual history of the years 1919-1933 encompasses the social and political thought of an era which culminated in what has come to be called "The Age of Roosevelt." (McAdory)

DAY OF INFAMY. *By Walter Lord. Holt.* $3.95.
Sunday, December 7, 1941, depicted in minute and awesome detail by the author of "A Night to Remember." (Hutchens)

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GO SOUTH TO SORROW. *By Carl T. Rowan. Random House.* $3.50.
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The diary of Robert Kean, devoted member of the Jefferson Davis government, gives a discerning picture of four turbulent years. (Beatty)

THE INTERPLAY OF EAST AND WEST. *By Barbara Ward. Norton.* $3.75.
The new relationship of two civilizations is examined by an outspoken and able political economist. (Troy)

THE LIFE OF HILAIRE BELLOC. *By Robert Speaight. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $6.50.
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This potpourri of Nebraska as seen by native sons and visiting firemen provides a fine sampling for those interested in Americana. (Hass)

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A British chemist examines the latest developments in science and their effect on modern man. (Dolbier)

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The most recent reflections of the Trappist monk in poetry, as well as an allegorical verse play. (Beatty)

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An affectionate study of the New England poet, Robert Frost, by a long-time friend. (Troy)

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON. *By Diana Barrymore and Gerold Frank. Holt.* $3.95.
John Barrymore's daughter reveals herself as a poor little rich girl in this agonizing account of her tortured life. (Hutchens)

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A study of the nineteenth century climate of opinion. (Troy)

THE YOKE AND THE ARROW. *By Herbert L. Matthews. Braziller.* $3.75.
A *New York Times*'s editor and former foreign correspondent reviews the Spanish Civil War and appraises the present and future of Franco's Spain. (Wyllie)

THE thirty critics who participated in *SR*'s ninth summer book poll are:

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JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
RICHMOND C. BEATTY, *Nashville Tennessean*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
PEGGY DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier-Express*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JAMES R. MCADORY, JR., *Birmingham News*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Heinrich Heine.

THE MUSICAL SIDE OF HEINE

By GEORGE JELLINEK

THE RELATIONSHIP between music and poetry has generally been a rather one-sided affair, an alliance not always based on mutual consent. It is a convention of musical criticism to describe a song as a "wedding of music and text" though it happens, more often than not, that the poet's participation was unwilling or at best unknowing. Where it involved the prolific Heinrich Heine, who was neither unwilling nor unknowing, he was notably unenthusiastic.

Accustomed as we are to poets of the past "inspiring" later musicians, it is difficult to conceive of a time in which Heine was a "contemporary" with a direct effect on such men as Schubert and Schumann. Yet he was born in the same year (1797) as Schubert, and died in the same year (1856) as Schumann. Like Goethe and Tennyson, the addition of music to his words did not seem to him either inevitable or flattering.

However, this was not a matter of much moment to the musicians themselves. They were quick to discover in his writing the new voice of the age, marked by Heine himself in these words: "With me ends the old school of lyrical poetry: with me begins the modern German lyric." The publication in 1826 of his collected poems entitled "Travel Pictures" offered abundant proof of this prophecy. Here was no bouquet of familiar sentimentality: these poems were passionate, tender, blasphemous, bizarre —and always brilliant. They stunned some readers and alarmed some critics, but brought fame to their author. The widespread circle of readers included Franz Schubert who encountered the volume in 1827, a year before his death.

It is well known, of course, that Schubert could turn a commonplace poem into a superb song. But his response to such fine Goethe lyrics as "Der Erlkoenig" or "Gretchen am Spinnrade" leaves no doubt that he had exceptional capacities for exceptional provocations. Of his six Heine songs only "Das Fischermädchen" is reminiscent of an earlier style. In the others ("Ihr Bild," "Die Stadt," "Der Atlas" and above all "Der Doppelgänger") we find a tone of dark despair, unexpectedly bold harmonies and dramatic outbursts. The Heine poems which inspired these songs recall his unrequited love for his cousin Amalia, who rejected the poet to marry a rich banker. It is regrettable these were the youthful composer's last songs and that he died without ever having met Heine. Published in the arbitrary arrangement called "Schwanengesang" after Schubert's death they eventually came to the attention of the poet in Paris. Of them he said (1843): "The Heine songs composed by Schubert . . . appear in horrid translations here. Indeed, the poet can be happy that the publisher, with no evident pangs of conscience, has chosen to omit his name entirely from the title page, showing, instead, that of an obscure French scribbler." Noting, further, the failure of German publishers to provide him with so much as a complimentary copy of the many settings of his lyrics, he commented: "In Germany, poets are indeed free as birds. They are treated like nightingales: entitled to air—and nothing else."

In the year of Schubert's death (1828), Heine met Schumann, a young student at the time. Schumann was instantly attracted to the poet, who treated him most cordially. Their lives followed different paths, but Schumann proclaimed his Heine affinity in forty-two songs, many of them composed in 1840, Schumann's "year of song" and marriage to Clara Wieck. The Heine songs he selected were, with the exception of a handful of ballads such as "The Two Grenadiers" and "Belsazzar," small, lyric poems. He avoided the dark, despairing pages of the "Travel Pictures," and generally sought inspiration in the earlier and brighter Heine collections. Thus were born the "Leiderkreis, Opus 24"—the first song cycle made up exclusively of Heine poems —and "Myrthen, Opus 25," Schumann's wedding gift to Clara, which contains "Du bist wie eine Blume" and two other Heine songs. With the sixteen priceless songs that form the "Dichterliebe" cycle Schumann ventured to probe deeper. Stemming from Heine's *Lyrical Intermezzo* collection, these poems—and their musical counterparts—embrace lyric rapture, but also bitterness and resignation. The poet's reaction is unknown, for he had left Germany in 1831 to make his home in Paris.

PARIS was the musical capital of the age, and Heine, the widely read observer of political, cultural and artistic events, and companion of leading musicians, inevitably became an influential voice on the musical scene. He was, without doubt, one of the keenest minds of his century, and one of its outstanding writers. The colorful, barbed brilliance of his prose has hardly been equalled since in musical criticism, with the possible exception of George Bernard Shaw's writings. Of Heine's musical background we know only that he took violin lessons in early childhood, but showed little interest in pursuing his studies. Ferdinand Hiller's appraisal rings true: . . . "Heine understood nothing about music theoretically or practically; and yet, because of his imaginative and penetrating mind, he divined more in music than many so-called musical people." His reports on Parisian musical events in the

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Allgemeine Zeitung radiate competence and authority, although it is obvious that personalities interested him more than musical problems. His reviews abound in flashes of perceptive insight and offer a valuable, if not always reliably objective, commentary on the period. Heine, an impulsive and over-sensitive personality, was given to strong and stubborn prejudices. Some of these now make fascinating reading. He disliked the piano intensely, considering it "the triumph of the machine age over the spirit." This attitude was undoubtedly motivated by the unprecedented number of pianists who, in the prevailing vogue of the day, entertained in Parisian salons. Perhaps his negative attitude toward an instrument so related to the song literature prevented a better appreciation of the musical form he himself unwittingly helped to bring to perfection.

Nevertheless, it was a pianist who occupied more of Heine's attention than any musical figure of the age. "Franz Liszt is no tame pianist for peaceful bourgeois and complacent Philistines"—he wrote. "Here is a wilderness of thoughts mounting to Heaven, as well as the fragrance of the sweetest flowers." But, side by side with glowing descriptions of his musical feats often went violent attacks on Liszt's mannerisms, showmanship, politics and character. Underneath these assaults one could hardly fail to discern a veiled note of envy and secret admiration. Liszt was wealthy, immensely popular, adored by women—fortunate in all the realms where Heine failed. The tone of the poet's invective yielded the expected result: Liszt once expressed the view that Heine's name, while destined to be remembered in the temple of immortality, would be inscribed there in mud. Still, throughout years of open animosity he did not hesitate to set Heine's poems to music.

In contrast to his treatment of Liszt, Heine had nothing but admiration for Chopin. The man who was repelled by the "piano-thumpers" recognized the "painful loveliness of Chopin's tender and profound creations." In his opinion Chopin was "the great genius of tone painters, who should be named only in the company of Mozart, Beethoven and Rossini."

This complimentary reference to Rossini brings to mind the poet's high regard for the Italian operatic school. "The detractors of Italian music," he once said, "will, some day when they are in hell, meet the punishment they justly deserve, and hear nothing but the fugues of Sebastian Bach through all eternity." In his operatic commentaries, too, personalities occupied his main interest. Admirers of vocal art who are awed by the names of legendary singers will find Heine's down-to-earth revelations about Sonntag, Lind and Duprez quite disconcerting. But it was for Meyerbeer that the poet reserved his choicest venom. "Meyerbeer will be immortal during his lifetime and perhaps for a little while after, for he always pays in advance." It is no secret that Heine received financial aid from the influential composer, and began to attack him only when Meyerbeer refused to replace his occasional contributions by an arrangement of a more permanent nature. This somewhat sordid aspect of Heine's critical activity reveals a disturbing weakness of character, explained perhaps, but not mollified, by his ready admission that he found mental anguish always easier to bear than physical pain: "If I had my choice between a bad conscience and a bad tooth, I should choose the former."

BUT one should not judge Heine, the man, too hastily. His was a tragic life, clouded by eternal insecurity. He carried within him the perennial *Judenschmerz*; on embracing Christianity, he only discovered that he was disowned by Christians and Jews alike. A seeker after religious truth, his yearning remained unfulfilled. An ardent patriot, he was rejected by his German fatherland. Notwithstanding his pride in his accomplishments as a German poet, and his outward conceit, he never felt certain about his ultimate place in German literature. He approached other German writers with modesty, and was overawed in Goethe's presence during a visit to Weimar. He found domestic tranquility of a sort in marriage, but never really recovered from the tragic disillusionment of his youth. The satisfaction of being fully appreciated was denied him, and so was freedom from material worries. The last eight years of his life were spent in virtual isolation: he fell victim to a spinal affliction which slowly gnawed away his body, impaired his eyesight and confined him to a "mattrass grave."

During the hundred years that have passed since Heine's death, his poems have never ceased to inspire men of music. Brahms, Cornelius, Humperdinck, Hugo Wolf carried on in the German tradition. Elsewhere came Grieg, Moussorgsky, Tchaikowsky, Rubinstein, Ropartz, Nevin, Hadley, MacDowell, Rachmaninoff, Dallapiccola—the list is endless. Operas by Wagner, Mascagni, Cui and Atterberg were based on Heine stories, just as a Heine poem a century ago had provided the subject of the ballet "Giselle." True, music has only perpetuated a fragment—the perfection of Heine's lyric style, his unique blend of romanticism and realism, of nectar and vitriol—all these belong to poetry. But, were it not for music, they would be lost to the world at large, for no translation can ever match the original. Therefore we can hope that even this severe arbiter would have been pleased with *some* of the musical results. And that the world, through the international language of music, will forever honor the man who always wanted to be remembered as a "soldier in the war of human liberation."

A SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY OF HEINE SONGS

Composer	Song Cycle	Ind. Songs	Performance
Brahms		"Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht"	Erna Berger, Decca DL9666; Lotte Lehmann, RCA LCT1108**
Franz		"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen"	Elisabeth Schumann, Allegro 51
Liszt		"Die Lorelei"	Sigrid Onegin, Victor 7075*
Mendelssohn		"On Wings of Song"	Heinrich Schlusnus, Decca DL9624; Lotte Lehmann, Col. 17344*
"		"Morgengruss"	Lotte Lehmann, Columbia 17344*
"		"Abendlied—Ich wollt' meine Liebe"	H. Lashanska; K. Thorborg, Victor 11-9021*
Schubert	"Schwanengesang" (6)	Complete	Hans Hotter, Angel 35219
		"Der Atlas"	Heinrich Schlusnus, Decca DL9620
		"Der Doppelgänger"	Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, LHMV1046**
		"Fischermädchen"	D. Fischer-Dieskau, LHMV1046;** H. Schlusnus, Lon LL106
		"Am Meer"	D. Fischer-Dieskau, LHMV1046;** M. Lichtegg, Lon LD9093
		"Die Stadt"	H. Schlusnus, London LL106; M. Lichtegg, Lon LD9093
		"Ihr Bild"	T. Niemela, WCFM10**
Schumann	"Liederkreis," Op.24 (9)	Complete	P. Munteanu, Westm. 18010; G. Souzay, Lon LL1476
	"Myrthen," Op.25 (3)	Complete	P. Munteanu, Westm. 18006; A. Dermota, TEL 66023
		"Du bist wie eine Blume"	G. Souzay, Lon LL940; Lotte Lehmann, LCT1108**
		"Die Lotosblome"	R. Tauber, Decca DL9547; A. Dermota, Lon LL345
	"Dichterliebe," Op.48 (16)	Complete	A. Schiotz; Ch. Panzéra, RCA LCT1132**
		"	A. Dermota, Tel 66023; Lotte Lehmann, ML4788
		"The Two Grenadiers"	H. Schlusnus, Decca DL9624; A. Sipnis, Victor 15825*
			F. Chaliapin (in Russian), Victor 6619*
Silcher		"Die Lorelei"	Richard Tauber, Decca DL9547**
Strauss, R.		"Schlechtes Weller"	Elisabeth Schumann, Victor 7707*
Tchaikowsky		"Warum"	Enrico Caruso (in French), Victor 87271*
Wolf		"Hezz, verzage nicht geschwind"	Karl Erb, HMV, Wolf Society Vol. 6*

All sung in German unless otherwise noted.
* Denotes 78 rpm's of Historical Interest
** Denotes Microgrooves currently out of print

Also of Interest

"Lotte Lehmann Reads German Lyric Poetry," Caedmon TC1072 (incl. Dichterliebe cycle).
"Golden Treasury of German Verse" (H. Schnitzler), Spoken Arts 701 (includes four Heine poems).

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
The Birth of the Cool: Miles Davis. Capitol T762, $3.98.	Finally collected for reissue, these are the records which announced cool jazz. Whatever they owe to the scorings of Claude Thornhill's dance band, we can see a heritage going to such Tadd Dameron pieces as "Lady Bird," to Freddy Webster's trumpet, to L. Young's attack and certain Basie performances, and behind them to Bud Freeman, Bix, Trumbauer, also moods of King Oliver and Bunk Johnson. Most celebrated are "Boplicity" and "Israel," but one wishes that the lively straightforwardness of "Move" could have a more careful hearing. Why wasn't "Darn That Dream" included, and why aren't the arrangers identified?
Hank Mobley with Donald Byrd, Lee Morgan, and Horace Silver. Blue Note 1540, $4.98.	Reactions to cool were not long in coming. Silver, associated with Mobley in the original "Jazz Messengers," is a leader of the so-called "funky" branch which seeks to dig for roots in blues, to make modern playing as "low down" as possible—perhaps not a mere reaction. Mobley's playing has gained greatly in continuity and form. P. Chambers undertakes some interesting bowed bass solos.
Sonny Rollins. Blue Note 1542, $4.98.	Ask a young musician about Rollins and you will get praise, "I hear all the past and present in him." Ask a listener and you may get puzzlement. He is a leader of what now seems another reaction to cool and seeks to include earthiness, drive, and "shout" in his playing. He sacrifices most of the lyricism even of his obvious influences, and his drive (and tone) seems more forced than natural at times. However, "Decision" has some song, despite staccato mannerisms.
A Midnight Session with the Jazz Messengers. Electra 120, $4.98.	The "new" Messengers are an entirely different group (except for leader-drummer Art Blakey) from the one which first announced the funky style. This record should never have been issued: it is badly engineered, and one musician is guilty of an appalling number of technical lapses.
Lee Konitz Inside Hi-Fi. Atlantic 1258, $4.98.	Konitz on both alto and tenor saxophones accompanied mostly by other students of Lennie Tristano, past and recent. They know their techniques. Konitz's forte has been as a valuable contributor to ensemble styles and occasional soloist (as on the Davis set above or on the Tristano Capitols). On these extended solos we learn again that technique is no more than a means. His first two choruses on "Kary's Trance," for example, are excellent, but after them we are largely coasting through changes and phrases. His work on tenor seems well worth continuing.
The Jazz Workshop: Hal McKusick. RCA Victor LPM 1366, $3.98.	An arranger's set and a provocative one: G. Russell, J. Giuffre, G. Evans, J. Mandel, M. Albam, and A. Cohn in an attempt to extend cool scoring. Most jazz arrangements have been good insofar as they provide inspiration and setting. The intention here was to integrate improvisation carefully into the scores. The instrumentalists were thus given difficult tasks. Except on the pieces by Albam, Cohn, and one of Giuffre's the improvisations seem inhibited or over-shadowed rather than aided or balanced. Russell's "John Brown" tries "contrasting emotional levels . . . from the deeply spiritual to the satirical"—a difficult task for *any* music. Thus the scores invite judgment on their own. They would make fine film music—something one would hardly say of "Honky Tonk Train" or "Bluebird."
In the Upper Room: Mahalia Jackson. Apollo LP474, $4.98.	For her best effort, Mahalia Jackson should be recorded with a proper audience. Meanwhile, few of her earlier Apollos have the overloaded accompaniments of most of her Columbias. These have improved sound (but with a bit too much echo) and several show her remarkable powers movingly. Two spirituals and nine "gospel songs"; "If You Just Keep Still," "City Called Heaven," and "Run All the Way" are outstanding among them.
Swing's the Thing: Illinois Jacquet and Roy Eldridge. Verve MGV 8023, $4.98.	Jacquet is a highly capable swing saxophonist who combines a Hawkins-Berry attack with some Young metre and phrasing. (His honks and squeals are happily not here.) The contrast on "Have You Met Miss Jones" is a lesson: Jacquet plays melody plus an obbligato, Eldridge transforms the line. Jo Jones on drums shows again what a superb musician he is; he can even adopt his playing to the sound and style of the individual player.
Bass Hit: Ray Brown with arrangements by Marty Paich. Verve MGV 8022, $4.98.	Brown is one of the best bassists currently playing—hear the Jacquet set above. Here he is heard in eight scores for twelve pieces (for some reason) with one solo track. His opening and closing choruses on "Will You Still Be Mine" are particularly good.
Brilliant Corners: Thelonious Monk with Sonny Rollins, Ernie Henry, and Clark Terry. Riverside RLP 12-226, $4.98.	This set shows that Monk continues to develop a music soundly aware of its origins and willing to grow along the lines implicit in jazz itself. Monk even has the capacity to turn his limitations into virtues, and he can bring out the best in others—as with Rollins here. The fact that *Bemsha Swing,* in a sense the simplest piece, is probably the most successful in no way refutes the growth to be heard in the others. Monk is an artist in a field with its full share of craftsmen.
The Jimmy Giuffre 3. Atlantic 1254, $4.98.	This group gets a remarkably dense and full texture, but Giuffre is still monotonously preoccupied with pianissimo. There is evidence of an unsuspected capacity for playing blues with an authenticity, but guitarist J. Hall's twangings at such times seem affected, as do some of the "lush" scorings.
Dixieland Jamboree: Santo Pecora and his Dixieland Band, Lu Watters and his Yerba Buena Jazz Band. Verve MGV 1008, $4.98.	Reissues. The Watters group ambitiously modeled itself on King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. It had a very good time performing and communicated that fact, however monotonously and heavily. However, it missed the easy, swinging flow, the unsurpassed rhythmic variety, and the deep feeling of Oliver's records almost completely. Pecora's music is in the white dixieland tradition, slightly modified by swing—a less ambitious project. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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OPERA WITHOUT ACTION

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI: "The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore." A madrigal fable for chorus and instrumental ensemble recorded in cooperation with the New York City Ballet, conducted by Thomas Schippers. Angel Records, Angel 35437/L.

WILLIAM BERGSMA: Scenes from "The Wife of Martin Guerre." An Opera in Three Acts. Libretto by Janet Lewis. Soloists, chorus and orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman. Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI-105X.

AVERY CLAFLIN: "La Grande Bretèche." Libretto by George R. Mills. F. Charles Adler conducting the Vienna Orchestra and Chorus. Soloists, Patricia Brinton, Richard Owens, and William Blankenship. Composers Recordings, Inc. CRI-108X.

WHAT SOME OF OUR earlier composers might have thought of operatic music absorbed via tape or discs is a matter of amusing, though perhaps pointless, speculation. Wagner, with his passion for integrating all the elements of motion, stage business, scenery, and words with music, would probably have been an arch enemy of the recording business. Curiously, some works may suffer mightily by being merely heard and not seen, while others seem to benefit by the same treatment. Three new operatic works currently enhance the record catalogues: Menotti's enchanting Madrigal Opera, "The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore"; William Bergsma's somber but trenchant "The Wife of Martin Guerre"; and Avery Claflin's unabashedly romantic and sensuous "La Grande Bretèche."

Of these, one seems decidedly improved for being heard and not seen; one suffers slightly; and one, since it has never been performed publicly, must be taken at disc value.

Even Wagner might concede that of all younger opera creators, Gian-Carlo Menotti has succeeded most remarkably in fusing all of the many elements that go into an operatic production. His latest, which is being referred to as the "U. G. and M.," is not only one of the most charming of his total output, but one of the enchanting works in the contemporary field. The staged version, which drew almost unanimous paeans from the press, seems equally balanced in all of its parts, and the sum of them all is so fine that any one of them taken separately can only be regarded as a fragment.

Few listeners could ever conjure up the delightful spectacle that Menotti and choreographer John Butler together created on the stage. Such imaginations cannot be expected to tenant the average listener and hence if he is not familiar with the colorful stage presentation, the music alone may be something of a disappointment.

Many of the instrumental interludes have the characteristic Menotti charm, sometimes akin to his ballet "Sebastian" and his opera, "Amahl and the Night Visitors." The concluding madrigal, sung while the man in the castle lies dying in the company of his three faithful animals, is a beauty. Menotti has composed a text as poetic as his music. Thomas Schippers conducts with a true affinity for the score and a real appreciation for its texture. The Angel recording is fine indeed—a collector's item and beautifully packaged too.

Unlike the Menotti opus, Bergsma's opera looms as a work of tragic significance. On stage it may have seemed labored, but not in its recorded form. Despite being truncated, none of the important aspects of the story are missing. Not a pretty piece, this work is made of sterner stuff. The story concerns an impostor who claims to be the husband of a woman of Artigues, France, whose husband had left her eight years earlier. When the real Martin Guerre returns, a trial ensues and the impostor is condemned to death. The story is a stark and dramatic one, and the force and vigor of Bergsma's score points up the intensity of it as it unfolds. The cast—a large one—is the same that presented the work at the Juilliard School, but each member seems more convincing here, untroubled by stage motion.

Bergsma is one of the newer American composers one must watch. Recordings will do much to acquaint listeners who have little opportunity of hearing him in live performances. A second Bergsma recording has just appeared, and like "The Wife of Martin Guerre," it is on a Composers Recordings, Inc. label (CRI-112). It is a beautifully recorded work for strings called "The Fortunate Islands," conducted expertly by Alfredo Antonine with the Orchestra of the "Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma." (The reverse side, which contains music for tape recorder and orchestra, is something for separate discussion.)

The Avery Claflin opera leads off the battle of the *Bretèches*. No less than three operas based on the same short story of Balzac have been heard in New York during the past two seasons. The first, called "The Fatal Oath," by Boris Koutzen, was given at Hunter College a year ago. A second composer, Stanley Hollingsworth, was commissioned to do a TV opera on the same subject, and it was presented over NBC-TV on February 10 of this year. Not to be outdone, a week earlier CBS devoted its Sunday radio workshop to a third version of "La Grande Bretèche" by Avery Claflin.

This is a really romantic work. To the former bank president-composer who recently set the income tax forms to music, dodecaphonic dissonances are a different kettle of notes. This is an effusive piece, more concerned with the beauty of the music than with the bitter aspects of the jealousy-infested tale.

"La Grande Bretèche" is the name of an imaginary estate in the Loire valley which is the scene of a Balzac story. It concerns a jealous husband who returns home earlier than he is expected and discovers that his wife had hidden her lover in a closet. Although she swears that no one is there, her husband orders the gardener to wall up the closet door.

Each of the composers, Claflin included, who has set this story has taken liberties with the plot. Claflin has added a surprise ending of his own, by having the jealous husband kill his wife. It is curious how this story has fascinated numerous composers. Report has it that there are also several European versions of the same tale. Who will win the "battle of the Bretèches" is something only the future can decide.

Virgil Thomson's jacket notes, which explain Claflin's interrelated music and banking pursuits, mention that the composer hobnobbed with such men as Milhaud, Auric, Poulenc, and even studied with Satie. The music tells an additional story, for Claflin has a streak of romanticism that crossed the Rhine as well; an influence that did not get shot out of him when he was wounded at Verdun. The recording, made in the Vienna studios of Columbia Records by F. Charles Adler, is a luscious one. The singers are topnotch.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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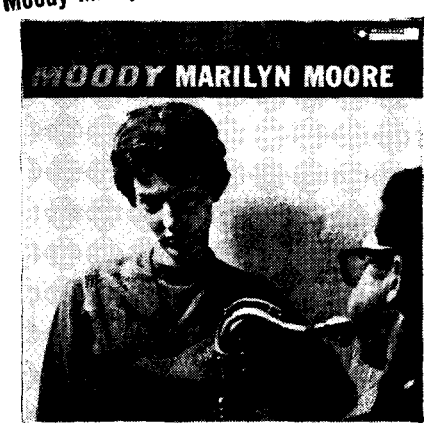

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GOGOL PLUS EGK

WÜRTTEMBURG, GERMANY.

NICOLAI GOGOL. Werner Egk, and Günther Rennert share the honors for the success of "Der Revisor" ("The Examiner"), comic opera in five acts, which received its world premiere at the Schwetzingen Festival. Gogol's play is without any question one of the best comedies of modern literature. In preparing his own libretto, Egk retained the original story nearly intact, reducing its length by means of suitable cuts. In so doing he succeeded in retaining the original flavor and atmosphere of Gogol's masterpiece. Rennert's superb stage direction took full advantage of all the grotesque situations and gags, without ever descending to the level of horseplay. Seldom does one see such a well-motivated *mise-en-scène* of an opera—one which flatly contradicts the theory that singers cannot be made to act convincingly.

The plot can be told briefly. In a provincial Czarist-Russian town word has been received that a Crown Examiner will arrive, *incognito*; this news causes panic among the town commander, the judge, the postmaster, and other "leading citizens," all of whom have something to hide. Believing a newly-arrived young blade from St. Petersburg to be the dreaded examiner, they shower him with attention and bribes. Only when he has disappeared "to pay a short visit to a rich uncle" do they discover the truth. At this moment the arrival of the real examiner is announced.

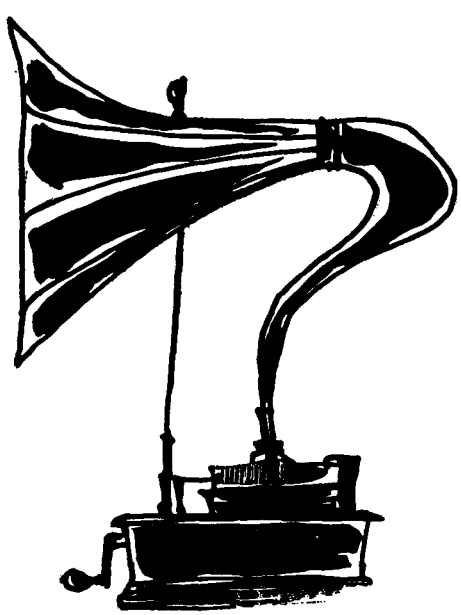
In composing "Der Revisor" Egk adopted a plan that proved to be peculiarly effective. The opera is built around a framework of extended ensemble numbers (there is no chorus as such), which constitute a goodly portion of the work. These alternate with passages of quick *parlando* recitative, rhythmically sung to a generally sparse orchestral accompaniment; they have somewhat the function of *secco* recitative but are musically more organic, since the rhythmic pulse continues. In addition there are moments of pure pantomime with orchestral commentary including a "dream sequence" involving three dancers, and the end consists of a telling silent tableau. A Russian folksong and several French *chansons* are cleverly introduced to provide variety.

Despite a certain sameness in the musical style, stemming partly from the fact that the work by its very nature offers no opportunity for lyrical expression, Egk succeeds in keeping things moving from beginning to end. Only once, at the beginning of the third act, does the pace let down, and then only for an instant. The score employs traditional harmonic and melodic material in a thoroughly witty way, using moderate dissonances freely within a tonal framework. The vocal writing is expert, and the text comes across clearly, supported by a generally transparent and colorful orchestral accompaniment. The orchestra is composed of five woodwinds, five brass, a small body of strings, percussion, piano, and harp.

The performance was of the highest caliber, although there were no "stars" in the cast. Among the singers special mention is due Fritz Ollendorf as the town commander, Hetty Plümacher as his wife, Friederike Sailer as his daughter, and Gerhard Stolze as the false examiner. The composer conducted the orchestra of Radio Stuttgart.

"Der Revisor" was the opening event in this year's Schwetzingen Festival, which in the past few years has become increasingly important in the European scene. This year's program includes a guest performance by the Berlin Municipal Opera of "The Marriage of Figaro," orchestral concerts by the Radio Stuttgart and Radio Frankfurt Orchestras, one by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, and four "serenade" concerts by the Palatine Chamber Orchestra, featuring compositions of the "Mannheim school." The ballet of the Bavarian State Opera and two theatrical companies will also make guest performances.

—EVERETT HELM.



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Siepi, Simionato, and "The Barber"

DISCUSSING Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," a critic wrote: "It has grown to be the custom to omit in performance several of the incidents which are essential to the development and understanding of the plot. Some day—soon, it is to be hoped—managers, singers, and public will awake to a realization that, even in the old operas in which beautiful singing is supposed to be the be-all and end-all, the action ought to be kept coherent. In that happy day Rossini's effervescent lyrical arrangement of Beaumarchais's vivacious comedy will be restored to its rights." The critic was H. E. Krehbiel; the date was 1909. Forty-eight years later, Mr. Krehbiel's hope remains forlorn. For what we are now allowed to hear as "Il Barbiere" on the opera stage and through recording has drift so far from what Rossini composed to Cesare Sterbini's libretto that it supplies no better basis for judging the opera than (to paraphrase Ronald Firbank) "Aïda" supplies for judging Egypt.

These alterations, omissions, and dodges are, I am aware, hallowed by Tradition. I should have thought, however, that the prospect of turning contemporary recording techniques loose on such a masterwork as "Il Barbiere" would have emboldened the Decca-London front office. "Let's do it daringly, the way Rossini composed it," they might have said. "Let's respect this score the way a scrupulous book publisher respects a classic text. Let's force the conductor and the singers to do their tasks correctly and completely. And then let the public decide who was the better composer, Rossini or Tradition."

But no. The new London version of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (XLLA 51, $9.98), though blessed with a cast including that incomparable mezzo, Giulietta Simionato, as well as Ettore Bastianini, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, and a highly welcome tenor named Alvinio Misciano, is neither complete nor faithful to the document. (The piano score generously fitted into the box containing the album is faithless too: it appears to have been spatchcocked together somehow, somewhere, to give Tradition an advantage over Rossini. Anyone who doubts this should look carefully at the numbering of its pages from 1 to 171, then from 172 to the end—or he might compare this particular score with a truly complete one.)

Although Signor Misciano could apparently sing anything that Rossini could contrive for Count Almaviva, the cuts begin in "Ecco ridente in cielo." The recitatives throughout are so abridged as to leave details of the action incomprehensible. In "All'idea di quel metallo," the ornaments written out for Figaro are skimped and rearranged. Later in this duet, the Count omits his trills; the duet itself is shortened. Bartolo's wonderful "A un dottor della mia sorte" is cut severely. Rosina's part in "Contro un cor che accende amore" is simplified. The quintet in the second act is incomplete. The whole scene from Bartolo's "Il conte! ah che mai sento!" through the Count's long, florid aria beginning "Cessa di più resistere" (twenty pages in full score) is absent from both the recording and the accompanying score. This last cut deprives the listener from realizing that (as Robert Lawrence pointed out to me) to the phrase "Ah, il più lieto, il più felice" the Count sings the melody that Cinderella sings to "Non più mesta" in the rondo finale of "Cenerentola," composed only one year after "Il Barbiere."

LONDON'S recording engineers have preserved excellently a performance always adequate, and at moments lifted to a level perhaps higher than that of any other available recording. I qualify this praise only because I have not listened with equal care to the earlier version with Simionato, Giuseppe Taddei, and Luigi Infantino (Cetra 1211); that with Victoria de los Angeles, Gino Bechi, and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni (Victor LM-6104); or the complete recording in Russian. This time, as before, Simionato, who introduces no extraneous nonsense into the "Lesson Scene," sings beautifully and evokes the character of Rosina. The other soloists are almost her peers. But Alberto Erede has conducted too many scores by Tradition, and does not demand of the Orchestra and Chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino or the soloists all the Rossini that he should demand and could get. I suspect, therefore, that the real news of this recording is the supple beauty of the voice (of, at least, the recorded voice) of Alvinio Misciano, tenor. And now, gentlemen, how about a complete recording of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"?

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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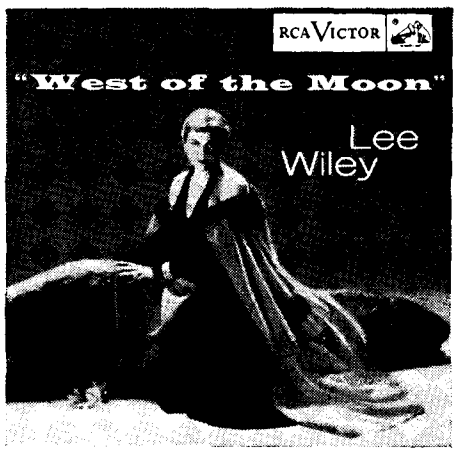

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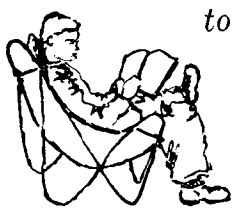

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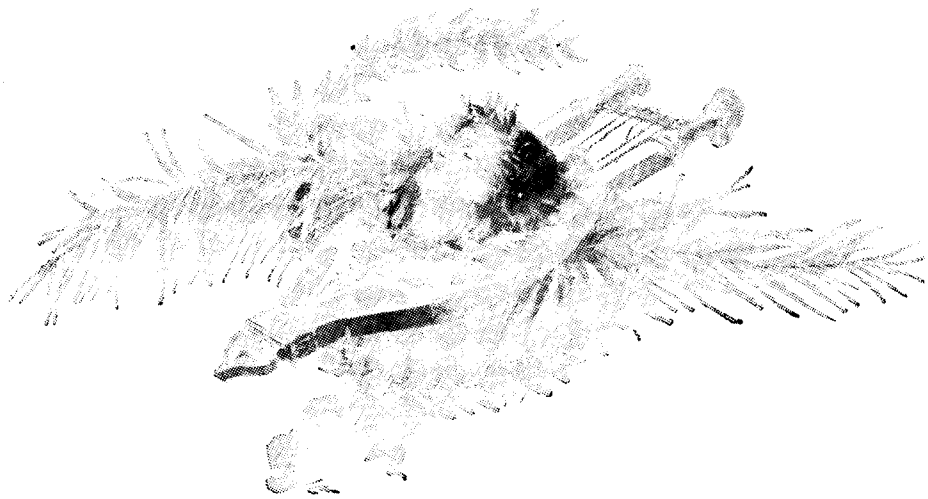
"ORFEO", "ORPHÉE", OR "ORPHEUS"?



CONSIDERING the number of really difficult things that have been accomplished, phonographically, it is something of a mystery why a representative version of Gluck's masterful "Orfeo" (to give it the first of its names) has been so long in coming. Alice Raveau was a notable performer of the French text in a prewar version (incomplete), Margaret Klose a less adept one of the Italian in a postwar issue; Kathleen Ferrier was not the fine artist she later became when her London version was made, and the greatest conducting of the music most of us have ever heard (with Nan Merriman a singer of solid attributes as Orfeo) is, of course, limited to the one act reproduced from a Toscanini broadcast.

It would thus seem an embarrassment of riches for us to confront two new versions, both complete, both carefully prepared, and well recorded. Embarrassment there is, but not of riches: rather that Deutsche Grammophon in Germany and Philips in France could undertake such a responsible task and come no closer to satisfying a real need than they have. Each has succeeded fairly well in accomplishing what it set out to do; unfortunately, each has an element of preciosity about it that is likely to leave the admirer of Gluck biting his mental nails.

The "affectedly refined" (which the dictionary offers as the definition of "precious") is, in each instance, the use of a male singer for the role of Orfeo which has been sung in all the principal theatres of the world for nearly a century by a female. A is tolerably well known, Gluck wrot the work *in Italian* for neither, bu for the bygone male castrato. He di re-arrange it for use in Paris by tenor a dozen years later, and it i this version, with Leopold Simonea as principal, which Philips (Epic 4Sc 6019, $9.96) in an excess of histori enthusiasm, has given us. In th Deutsche Grammophon venture (Dec ca DXH 143, $9.98) Dietrich Fischer Dieskau wanders into areas neve tread before by any known baritone Either might make a convincing char acter on the stage, but the ear, un aided, makes different demands.

Whatever the merits of the tw gentlemen involved—and in some re spects they are considerable—I d not find either procedure self-justi fying, musically or dramatically. Ma being a confirmed creature of habi it may be that new ears who lear their Gluck from one or the othe of these versions may feel the sam way when they are confronted wit what constitutes *my* "authentic" ex perience—a female Orfeo matching th sum of impressions gathered fron Matzenauer, Onegin, Raveau, Thor borg, Stevens, Merriman, Ferrier, et However, I do not find the range i which Simoneau sings so beautifull the aural color suitable to the musi and Fischer-Dieskau's sound is com promised, for me, by the use of German text.

Largely speaking, the two version cover the same vocal text. Both om the Bartoni air sometimes used a the finale of Act I, but the somewha brisker tempi of Hans Rosbaud i

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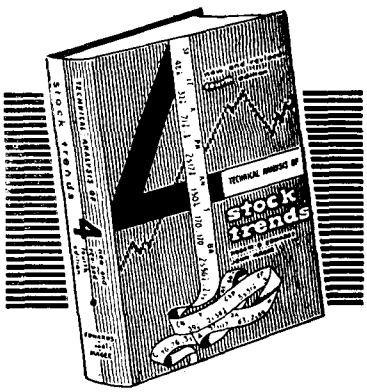

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the French edition permit the inclusion of several ballet episodes (Nos. 35, 46, 47 and 50 in the Peters score) excluded from the German treatment. If Ferenc Fricsay directs the RIAS Orchestra with more vigor than Rosbaud does the Lamoureux, he also inclines to ritards of the locomotive-coming-into-the-station type. Rosbaud, generically, has more sense of the style suitable to the ornaments and other physical detail of the score, but in the sections where they are exposed to direct comparison with Toscanini (Nos. 18 to 37) they are boys doing a man's work. His concept of musical drama leaves Fricsay's tempi funereal rather than merely grave, his feeling for the rhythmic pulse renders Rosbaud's statement of the ballets flabby by comparison.

What each has in abundance is expert singing, with Simoneau in the vocal mood that made his recent Belmonte in the Beecham "Entführung" outstanding, and Fischer-Dieskau as fine as he has even been on records. In the quieter, more sustained episodes he is suggestive of the great Hüsch, though the dramatic climaxes strain him somewhat. As between "J'ai perdu mon Euridice" and "Ach, ich habe sie verloren" I prefer "Che farò senza Euridice"; but as it is not provided here, I observe that Simoneau and Rosbaud solve this always tricky problem by giving special clarity to the text, while Fischer-Dieskau and Fricsay succumb to the temptation of making the air too jaunty for its tragic purpose while doing little with the words.

Both sets have uncommonly fine subordinate singers, with Pierette Alarie singing delightfully as Amor to her husband's Orfeo, and Suzanne Danco a more than acceptable Eurydice. Rita Streich is a little brittle in sound for Amor, but otherwise excellent, while Maria Stader sings "E quest' asilo ameno e grato" as the angelic air it is, even though it comes out "Diese Auen sind seligem Frieden." The limited fury of Fricsay and the less than celestial repose of Rosbaud are hardly what one desires in this majestic score, their top rating coming in the category of efficient.

Save that one is a passionate partisan of either Simoneau or Fischer-Dieskau—which would resolve the problem automatically—I would say that the greater satisfaction from the two would come from the "Orphée" rather than the "Orpheus," having some framework of history to contain it. However there is promise of an "Orfeo" from RCA Victor before too long, and it may be hoped that they will consider those at hand carefully before proceeding with their own.

—I. K.

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Gettysburg

Continued from page 15

and he has dominated critics ever since. The Gettysburg campaign was his, the battle was his, both the decisions and the failures to enforce a commander's will on subordinates were his—and Gettysburg, as a result, is interpreted in terms of his own personality. People do not ask how the battle and the campaign were won; almost invariably, the question is: "Why were they lost?"

Perhaps it needs a little more examination.

Lee has to remain central. But fate does seem to keep edging its way in. One finally is apt to get the queer feeling (which is not a proper subject for comment by a Field Marshal and a President) that the business was written in the stars, that the whole of Lee's tragedy here was greater than the sum of its parts, that the real answer lies not so much in the individual mistakes which were made on the field as in the decisions reached and the attitudes formalized years earlier. Gettysburg, perhaps, grew out of what Lee was.

Perhaps. The qualifying word is all-important, for it all happened a long time ago, no one can be absolutely certain about anything, and Lee himself is one of the most profound enigmas of American life. (The key seems to have eluded everyone, so far, and we have nearly reached the stage where it would be an act of impiety to look for it.) Make no final judgments about him, for the answer is locked up out of reach.

Perhaps, then: so perhaps the thing to think about first is his action in the early spring of 1861, when—a West Point graduate, a life-long officer in the United States army, a man who had serious qualms both about Secession and about slavery—he elected to go with his state and moved down from Arlington on the painful road to Richmond, to Gettysburg, and to Appomattox. That road led away from something, as well as toward something; ultimately, it led away from the American future. Lee was what he was, the choice was one he was bound to make, and the memory of him is today a prized national possession, North and South alike. Nevertheless, when he decided he turned his back on history.

Then there is Gettysburg. Here again, the valiant march of invasion—that march of a doomed and magnificent army with banners, wearing jaunty heroism as a bright cloak over its tattered uniforms—that march, too, was in the end a march away from history. The stars in their courses were going in the other direction; were clustering, as June 1863 came to an end, over the ridges and ravines around Vicksburg, in Mississippi; and the decision reached at Vicksburg—clearly foreshadowed, in June—was not to be changed by any invasion of Pennsylvania.

Lee was a brilliant soldier. He understood war as few Americans have ever understood it. He also understood the generals who fought against him, from McClellan down to Meade and later to Grant. But he did not understand Abraham Lincoln; did not, so far as one can tell, perceive the need to understand him; and it was Lincoln who, by mid-1863, was his real antagonist.

The people of the North, moved by a deep and instinctive desire for an unbroken Union, were supporting Lincoln. He had crippled the South by holding the border states firmly in line. Now he had taken the slavery issue and, as Earl Schenck Miers puts it, had molded it into an instrument of moral fission, isolating the Confederacy from the main current of human aspirations, locking the new nation up with the insuperable handicap of its own crippling anachronism. Lee believed (blindly, but little other hope was left) that a victory in Pennsylvania might encourage the Northern peace party; peace proposals might follow, there might even be a cease-fire arrangement—and the Northern people, finally, might then agree to independence for the Confederacy.

When the Army of Northern Virginia marched to Gettysburg it was marching toward this goal, and the goal was humanly unattainable. Lee was on the wrong road, and the fact that it was the only road open to him does not change the case.

Mistakes were of course made at Gettysburg, by victor and by vanquished alike, and people have been analyzing them for the better part of a century. But the revealing act at Gettysburg came months after the battle had ended, when Lincoln stood on a platform overlooking the burial ground and put into unforgettable words the real significance of what had happened there. It was the civilian, not the soldier, who revealed that Gettysburg symbolized something far broader than any mere military problem. Lee made his choice, he made his fight, and he was beaten: but because the victory that eluded him encompassed so much more than he could understand, the descendants of the winners as well as the descendants of the losers have given him a permanent place in the shrine of national heroes.

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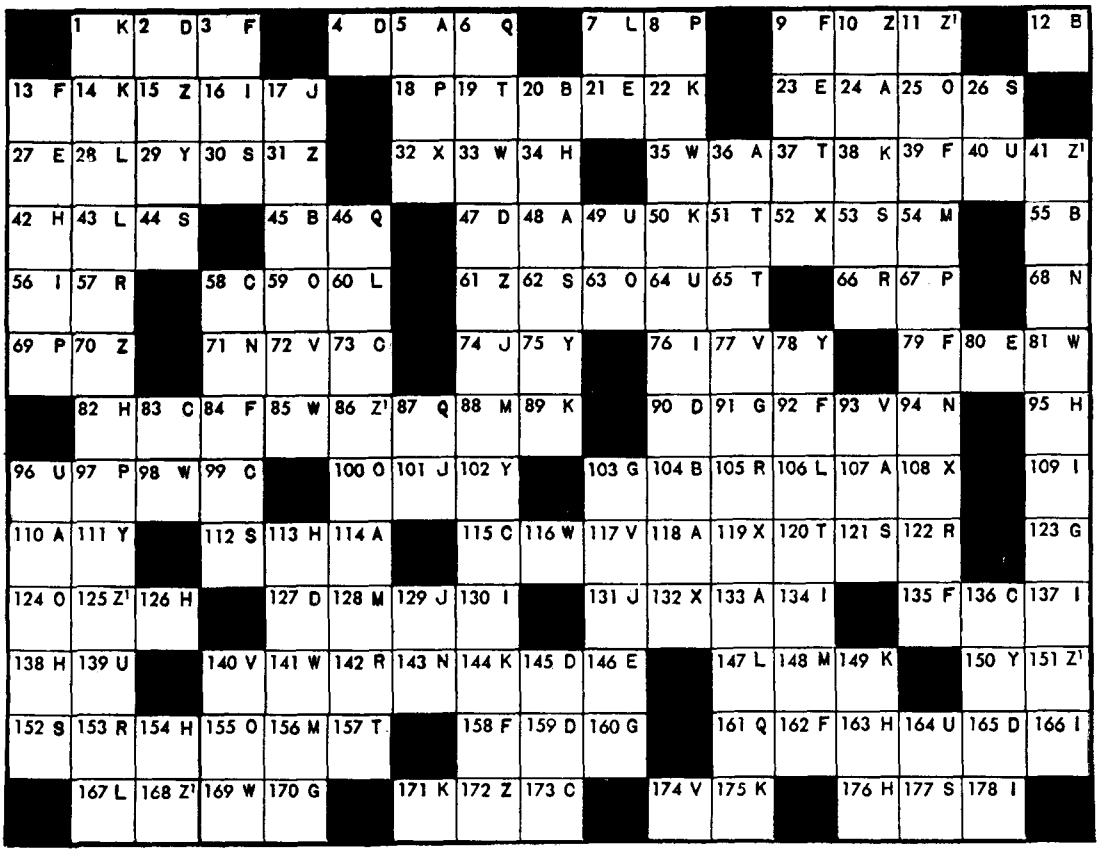
D. The quality of a knight.	127 159 90 2 47 4 145 165
E. How to address another formally in Spanish.	27 146 23 80 21
F. Creature with only one bone in its body, and that in its head.	84 13 9 135 162 3 79 39 92 158
G. In Greek mythology, grim god of the lower world.	123 91 103 170 160
H. Of sufficient value to repay the effort (comp.).	95 42 82 176 154 163 113 138 34 126
I. Original intelligence exam used in U.S. Army, 1917-18 (2 wds.).	56 16 178 130 109 134 137 166 76
J. Great seaport and industrial city now part of Edinburgh, Scotland.	131 17 74 129 101
K. Low-spirited.	38 144 22 50 171 14 89 149 175 1
L. Community of religious recluses.	167 7 28 106 60 43 147
M. Place of a cricket (2 wds.; followed by Word U).	128 156 54 148 88
N. Noncombat flier of women's U.S. Army Air Force (now disbanded).	68 71 94 143
O. Sicilian martyr, canonized, whose protection is invoked against volcanoes and earthquakes.	155 63 25 100 59 124
P. A form of topsail set above a square lower sail, commonly triangular.	18 69 8 67 97
Q. Followed by Word X, Edna Ferber's first novel (1911).	87 161 6 46
R. Tax, tribute, or duty.	105 142 153 66 57 122
S. Distinguished Amer. educator and public servant in many capacities, presently emeritus professor of history, Yale.	53 177 112 152 44 26 30 62 121
T. Pen name of Amer. woman fiction writer, Alice French (1850-1934).	157 51 120 37 19 65
U. See Word M.	96 49 164 139 40 64
V. A classic of travel, 1844, by Alexander Kinglake.	117 174 140 77 93 72
W. Surname, 17th-cent. leader of the English "Ironsides."	35 98 85 169 81 141 33 116
X. See Word Q.	132 119 32 108 52
Y. Required.	75 78 102 29 150 111
Z. A water clock.	15 10 172 31 61 70
Z¹. Given name, Word W.	168 151 41 125 11 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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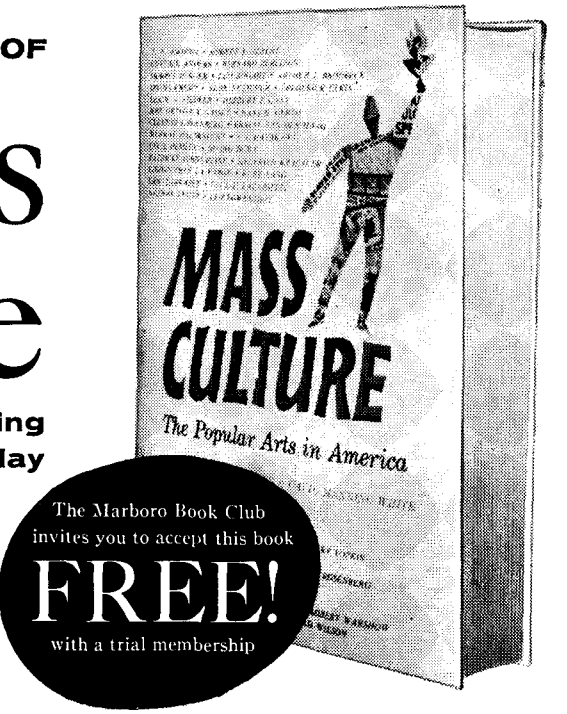

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